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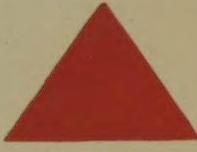


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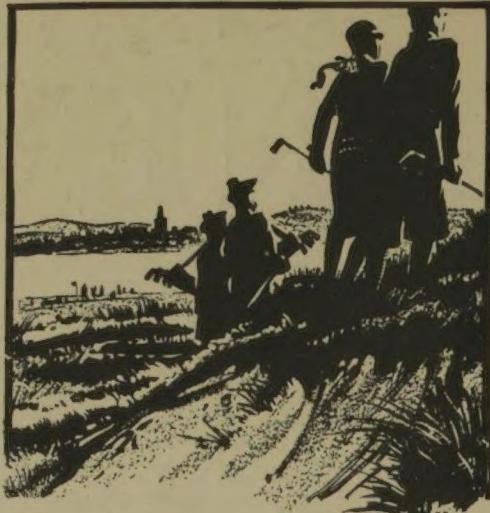
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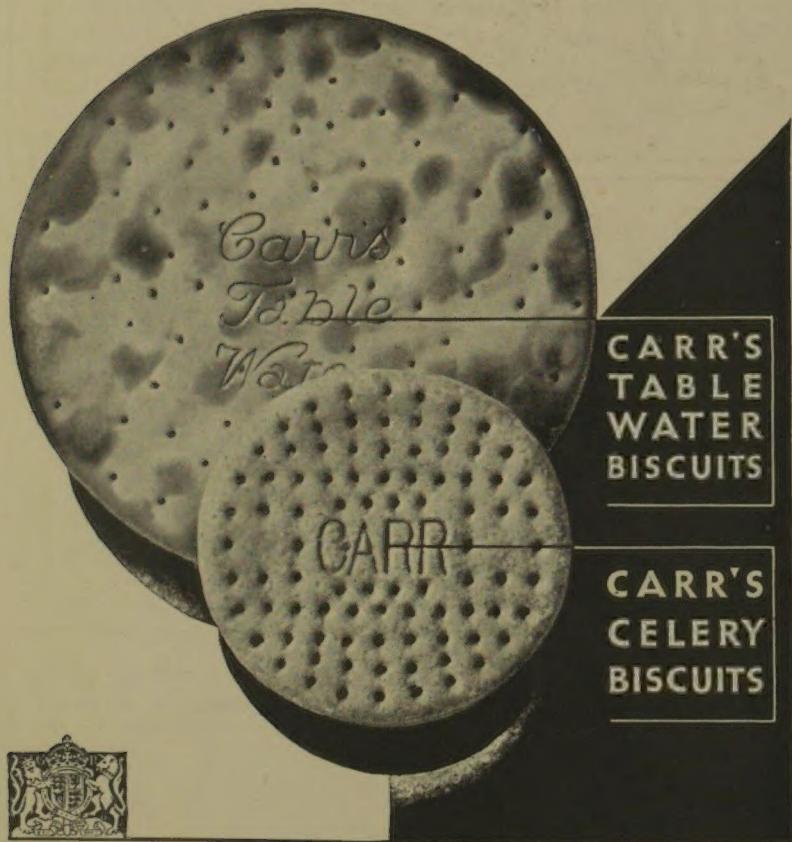
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1932.



A NEW ANCESTOR OF MAN: PALÆANTHROPIUS OF PALESTINE, REPRESENTING "A DISTINCTIVE PEOPLE UNLIKE ANY OTHER RACE OF PREHISTORIC MEN"—A RECONSTRUCTED DRAWING.

The recent discovery of "a series of Stone Age deposits so far unparalleled in the Near East," in the Valley of the Caves at the foot of Mt. Carmel, is described on page 36 of this number by Miss Dorothy Garrod, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the American School of Prehistoric Research. On two other pages will be found an article by Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., explaining the high importance of these discoveries, which comprise eight skeletons, four of them practically complete. Both the articles mentioned are accompanied by illustrations, and in the above drawing, done under Sir Arthur Keith's supervision, our artist has delineated the probable appearance in life of a man belonging to this newly-found type

of humanity, known as *Palæanthropus Palestinus*, or Palæanthropus of Palestine. Sir Arthur Keith, who suggests this name, describes the skeletons as representing "a distinctive people unlike any other race of prehistoric men." Regarding one specimen—a man about 5 ft. 10 in. in stature—nicknamed "Arthur" by his discoverers, we are told that his face and jaws are fashioned, not like those of European Neanderthal men, but rather as in some modern races with massive prognathous jaws. "Arthur" (we read) "has the great pent-house supra-orbital ridges of the Neanderthalians, but he differs altogether in the height of his head and the modelling of its hinder part. He serves to bridge the gap between the European Neanderthalians and more primitive forms of modern man."

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER, BASED ON DISCOVERIES AT MT. CARMEL, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S. (SEE PAGES 34 AND 35.)



"A NEW SPECIES OF FOSSIL MAN":

GREAT DISCOVERIES AT MT. CARMEL: "STONE AGE DEPOSITS SO FAR UNPARALLELED IN THE NEAR EAST"—THE FINDING OF PALÆANTHROPUS PALESTINUS.

By Miss DOROTHY GARROD, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the American School of Prehistoric Research.
(See Sir Arthur Keith's Article on pages 34-35, and an Illustration on our Front page.)

THE Wady al-Mughara (Valley of the Caves) lies at the western foot of Mount Carmel, and 3½ miles S.E. of the great Crusaders' Castle at Atlit. The excavation of the small group of caves (four in all), from which it takes its name, was begun in 1929 by the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the American School of Prehistoric Research, and is still being carried on. It has resulted in the discovery of a series of Stone Age deposits so far unparalleled in the Near East, covering the greater part of the Middle and Upper Palæolithic, and capped by a bed containing a hitherto unknown Mesolithic culture. The most outstanding discovery has, however, been reserved for this season, though it was already foreshadowed in 1931.

The Mugharet es-Sukhul (Cave of the Kids) is the smallest of the Wady al-Mughara group, and lies up the valley, somewhat apart from the other three. In 1929 the entrance was almost hidden by a great fall of rock, the result of a trial blast made by the Department of Public Works. (It is only right to recall that but for the energetic intervention of Mr. Ernest Richmond, Director of Antiquities, the whole group of caves would probably have been destroyed by quarrying in connection with the Harbour works at Haifa.) At my request the P.W.D. kindly cleared part of this fall, and a sounding was made which showed the presence of Mousterian deposit. In the following year, work was concentrated on the other caves of the group, but in 1931 the excavation of the Mugharet es-Sukhul was entrusted to Mr. Theodore MacCown, of the American school.

The cave itself is very small, and the greater part of the deposit lies outside the cave mouth on a narrow terrace sheltered by an overhang of rock. With the exception of the first 50 centimetres, which yielded a mixture of more recent remains, the archaeological deposit was Mousterian throughout, and contained large numbers of flint implements and animal bones broken for food. These were embedded in a tough red earth, hardening at the base to a rock-like breccia, the whole having an average thickness of 2·50 metres and resting immediately on bed-rock. Towards the end of the season, Mr. MacCown came on the skeleton of a very young child, embedded in a squatting position

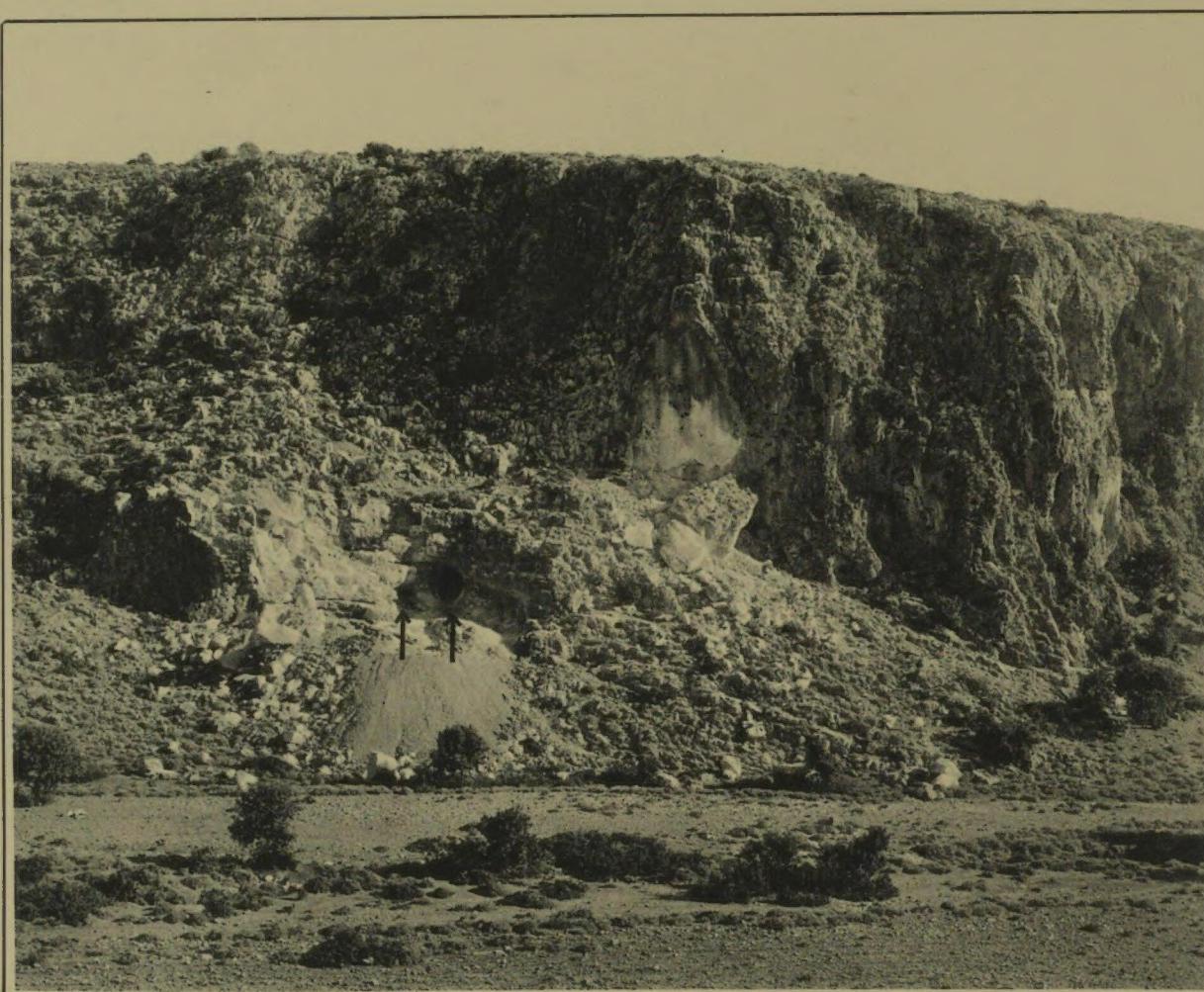
just outside the mouth of the cave, at a depth of 2 metres from the surface. This was brought home to the Royal College of Surgeons, and a preliminary examination was carried out by Sir Arthur Keith and Mr. MacCown.

Early this year it was found necessary to postpone the main part of the work at the Wady al-Mughara until the autumn, but at the end of

and here, as elsewhere, it was found to contain Mousterian implements and animal bones in great abundance.

At the beginning of May the breccia had been removed to a depth approximately the same as that at which the child had been found, and almost at once human remains began to appear. By May 20 eight individuals had been identified, lying scattered over a comparatively small area.

Some of the skeletons are fragmentary, and others are only partially uncovered, but it is practically certain that four of them are relatively complete. In two cases (Nos. IV. and V.) Mr. MacCown and his assistants have been able to chip away the breccia sufficiently to show that the skeletons, which are those of adults, are lying in the position of burial. One (No. V.) is on its back, with the right arm raised towards the head and the left thrown across the body, while the legs are drawn up. An interesting detail is that the maxilla of a wild boar lies inside the right humerus, not far from the mouth; this is possibly the remains of a food-offering to the dead. The other skeleton (No. IV.) lies on its face with the head turned to the left, while both arms are bent upwards and the legs are flexed so that the heels are drawn up towards the sacrum. When the skulls were first uncovered, the heavy frontal torus,



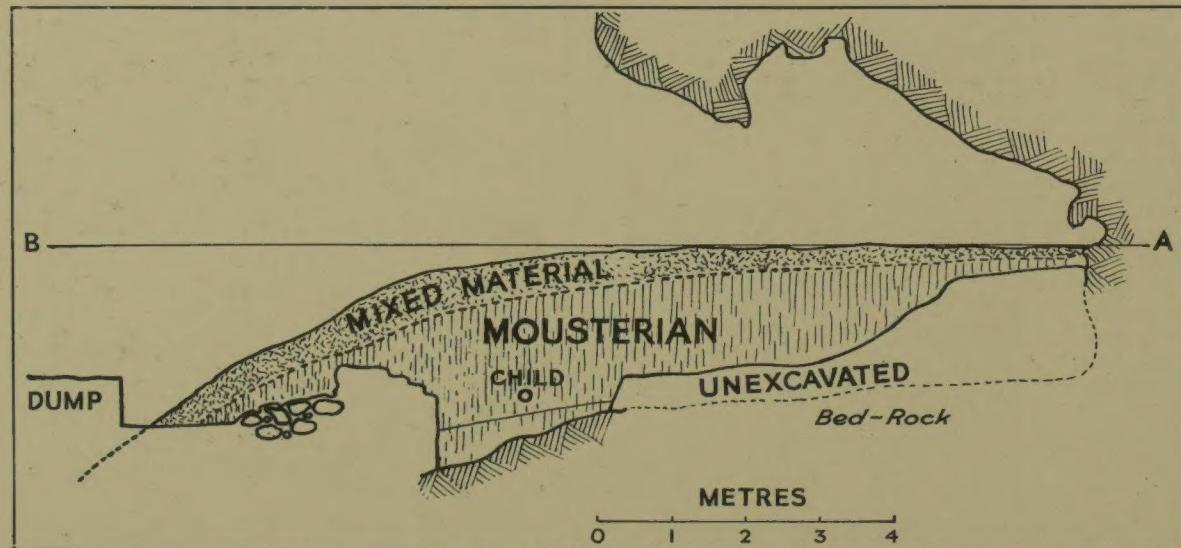
THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERIES AT THE FOOT OF MT. CARMEL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MUGHARET ES-SUKHUL (CAVE OF THE KIDS) FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE WADY AL-MUGHARA (VALLEY OF THE CAVES), SHOWING WHERE THE ROCK WAS BLASTED BY THE PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT (A WHITE PATCH TO LEFT OF THE CAVE MOUTH), WITH ARROWS INDICATING THE POSITIONS OF SKELETONS IV. (LEFT) AND V. (RIGHT).

March Mr. MacCown went to Palestine in order to finish the excavation of the Mugharet es-Sukhul. He has been assisted by Mr. H. L. Movius, of Harvard University, and Mr. T. P. O'Brien, of University

closely resembling that of the Galilee skull, suggested that they were of Neanderthal type, and the discovery was so announced in the *Times* of May 4. Later on, however, when

the bones were more completely uncovered, Mr. MacCown began to suspect that he was dealing with a new species of fossil man, and the photographs and measurements which he has sent home have enabled Sir Arthur Keith to confirm this diagnosis.

Work is still in progress at the cave, but it is unlikely that any further discoveries will be made. Mr. MacCown's efforts are now directed towards removing the skeletons without damage. In order to do this, he is finding it necessary to drill out a slab of rock underneath each body, as the skeletons lie so near the base of the deposit that ordinary undercutting is im-



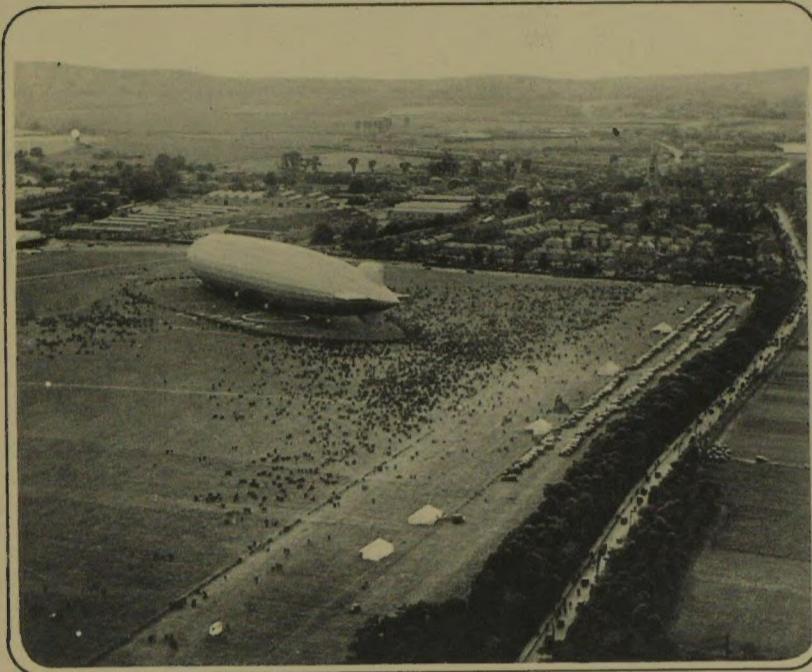
STRATA OF THE LOCALITY (SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE) WHERE THE SKELETONS WERE DISCOVERED, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE: PART OF THE SITE SHOWN IN DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION, INDICATING THE POSITION OF THE CHILD'S SKELETON IN THE MOUSTERIAN LAYER.

College, London. The first week of the season was devoted to clearing the great fall of rock remaining on the eastern side of the shelter. When this was completed the underlying breccia was excavated,

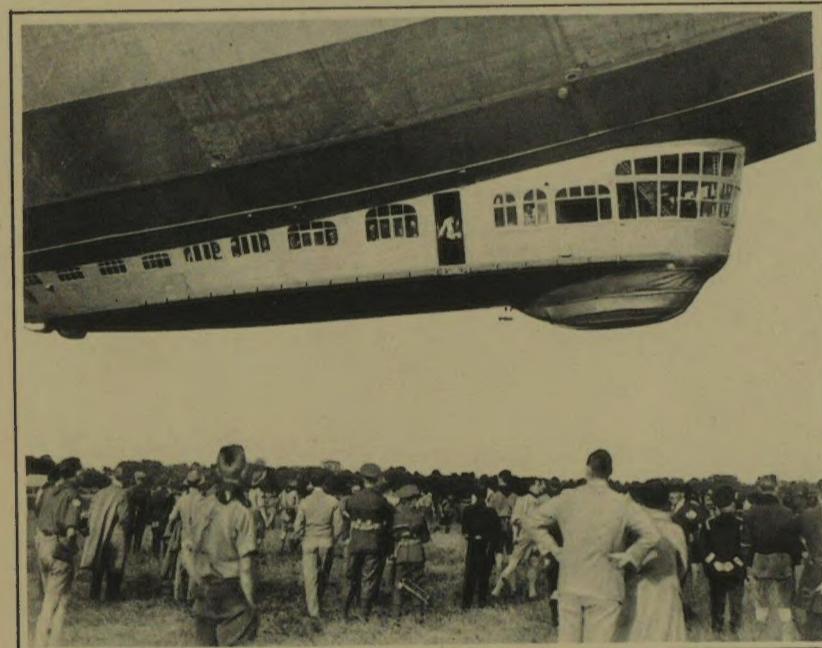
possible. Mr. MacCown himself will return to England in time to describe his discoveries at the International Congress of Prehistoric and Protohistoric Sciences at the beginning of August.

THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" VISIT.

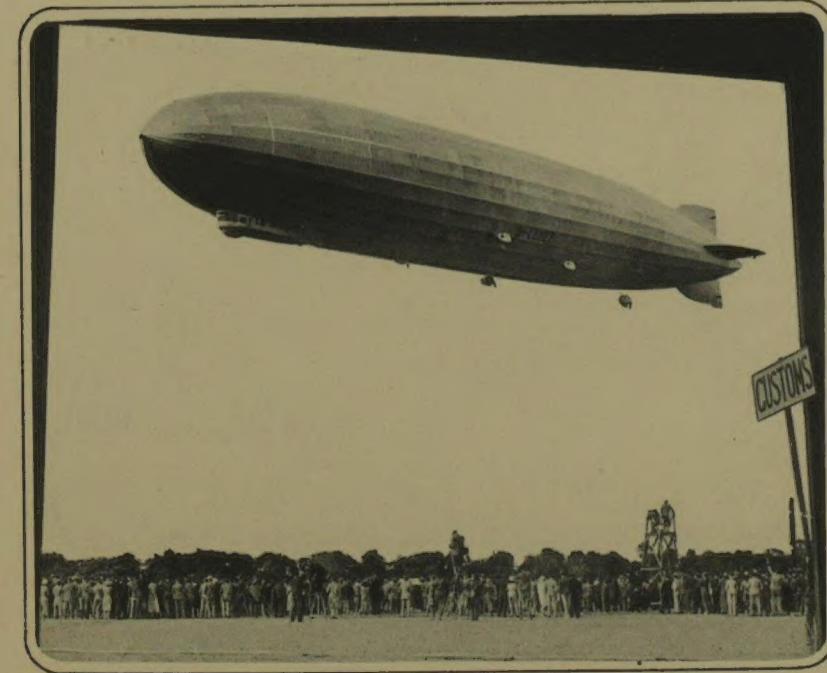
The "Graf Zeppelin," with its commander, Dr. Hugo Eckener, on board, paid a visit to this country last week-end, flying from Friedrichshafen to Hanworth on July 2. That evening she started on a circuit of Great Britain which was completed within 24 hours. On Sunday evening she returned to Hanworth, took passengers (at a cost of £10 each) for a short pleasure cruise over London, and at 9.0 p.m. started on her return journey to Lake Constance, again passing over London on the way. All the landings at Hanworth were admirably carried out, and the flight over London gave an excellent impression of the airship's manoeuvring powers. The tour of Great Britain provided an instance of her ability to fly round patches of bad weather. After flying up the east coast to Edinburgh, crossing to Glasgow, and then following the west coast southwards, the airship headed for the Isle of Man, but, on meeting bad weather, turned back and ran before the wind for Liverpool. She then passed over Birmingham, Gloucester, Newport, and Cardiff, before returning to Hanworth in the evening.



AN AIR VIEW OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" AT HANWORTH AIR-PARK : WATCHING THE AIRSHIP LAND BEFORE IT TOOK OFF TO MAKE A CIRCUIT OF GREAT BRITAIN.



THE ZEPPELIN LEAVING HANWORTH FOR AN EVENING "JOY-RIDE" OVER LONDON : A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PASSENGERS LEANING OUT OF THE SALOON WINDOWS.



THE ZEPPELIN LANDING AT HANWORTH : A VIEW SHOWING THAT THE SALOON, ALTHOUGH ROOMY AND LUXURIOUS, FORMS A MINUTE PROPORTION OF THE WHOLE.

THE PAGEANT AT BATTLE ABBEY.



THE BATTLE ABBEY PAGEANT : WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR LEADING THE INVADERS TOWARDS HASTINGS—ONE OF THE THREE NORMAN CONQUEST EPISODES.

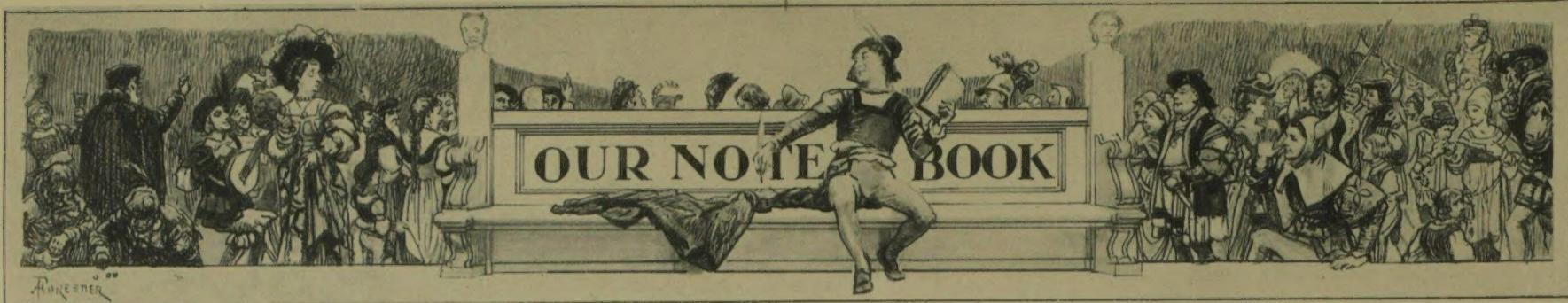


WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR COMPELS HAROLD TO TAKE AN OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO HIM, IN 1065 : HAROLD, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, AND QUEEN MATILDA.



A MOMENT OF POIGNANT SORROW IN ENGLISH HISTORY : EDITH OF THE SWAN NECK BEING LED FROM THE FIELD OF HASTINGS AFTER SHE HAD RECOVERED HAROLD'S BODY.

The Battle Abbey Pageant, illustrated here, is divided into nine episodes. The first three of these are connected with the Norman Conquest, and show Harold at the Court of Duke William in 1065; the Battle of Hastings; and the consecration of the Abbey in 1084. The suppression of the monastery in 1538, and the smugglers in Sussex in the eighteenth century are other impressive episodes. The pageant is under the direction of Miss Gwen Lally. The prologue is written by Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, and is recited by Mr. Albert Richardson, the Sussex shepherd, better known as "Buttercup Joe." We understand that the French Ambassador has arranged to visit the Pageant to-day (July 9); with the Mayors of Falaise, Rouen, Calais, Boulogne, and Le Touquet, who will be met by the Mayors of Hastings and other Norman towns in England. The performers for this pageant, who number some 2600, are being drawn from the surrounding towns of East Sussex; and the book has been written by various local authorities on the periods concerned.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE appears at regular intervals in the Sunday Press, like the article on the Cuckoo or Christmas Shopping, an article on the supposed superstition of the Good Old Times, laboriously alleging that they were really Bad Old Times. This article appeared in due course about a week ago, in the *Sunday Express*, under the title of "What is Right with the World"; but, except for the title, the article was the same; the same examples, the same hackneyed historical details, the same comfortable moral in almost exactly the same words. There are several things that are rather curious about this well-known journalistic feature. One is that the article professes to be an answer to another article which does not exist. I have never seen in my life the first original offending statement that the Good Old Times really were Good Old Times. I have never heard any rational human being talking about the Good Old Times. I have heard a great many rational and highly intellectual and instructive people talking about the advantages of certain particular institutions that existed at certain particular periods. Thus I have heard political economists of the first rank saying that the Apprenticeship System was the best training for trades and the world would be wise to return to it. Or I have heard historians of high authority say that it was easier to create international understanding and peace in the days when all the nations knew Latin . . . and pronounced it in the same way. I have heard very modern experts wish there were more people back on the land, and regret that for a hundred years they had poured into the overcrowded towns. I have even listened to daring thinkers who thought our position was more financially regular before we went off the Gold Standard; who positively regretted the process of lowering wages in order to start businesses; who would have it that our big industries were better off when they lived on a profit and not on an overdraft, and who stuck to their old paradox that banking was safer when there were not so many banks going bust. In short, I have known many perverse persons who held that, in this or that particular respect, we were better off in this or that particular period. But this visionary man who walks about the streets in funeral garb, wailing aloud and at large over the disappearance of some undefined and undated Good Old Days—I have never met him; I rather doubt whether anybody has ever met him; and I doubt still more whether it is necessary to reprint the same article so many hundreds of times in order to check his pestilential influence.

The second curious thing about the article is this: that, though it is always introduced in the very vaguest terms, it always does gravitate eventually in the direction of one particular period, and it is always practically the same period. It is always, I may add, the very worst period that could possibly be chosen, for any purpose of practical comparison. It is, as in the present example, the period of about a hundred and fifty years ago. It is a very bad selection, because that date does not mark any other or older system; it only marks the most crude and clumsy beginnings of our present or modern system. It is not like saying that there was another world, for better or worse, before Rousseau or before Luther or before Christ, in the ancient Pagan world. At the date chosen we already had machinery, but much cruder machinery; we already had big towns, but much more unfinished and disorderly big towns; we already had a complete dependence on commerce, but as yet on a

much more cut-throat competitive commerce. It is naturally not difficult to show that we are better than our great-grandfathers, when we are doing in a finished way what they were also doing, but in an unfinished way. The only question is whether, in another sense, we are not something that they most certainly were not, and that is, finished.

Everyone knows the list of examples. Our fathers hanged men for petty thefts, whereas we only exalt and enoble men or put them in the House of Lords for really large and impressive thefts. But I am not troubled here by such questions, but

those days there was undoubtedly more drunkenness." I wonder. There was certainly more drunkenness among those who could stand it best; strong men who rode hard in country air and drank before they slept. Was there more drunkenness among schoolgirls than there is in America, or more drunkenness among Society girls than there now is in Mayfair? I wonder. But I wonder, most of all, why this sort of questioner is always content with his one fixed question. Suppose I were to ask him a question. Does he think there was a bigger trade in cocaine and drugs before the Battle of Waterloo than there is now?

After mentioning the one really dreadful thing, which is drunkenness, the writer goes on more vaguely about brutality and ignorance and injustice and the rest. It is difficult to test these things, because there are different moral standards in different people and different periods. For instance, I think it is just that every man should be a free owner of primary property, like land and tools. I therefore think a just commonwealth will have a multitude of peasant proprietors and small shopkeepers. The writer must know, if he knows anything, that these small men were steadily disappearing—or rather, being destroyed—all through what he considered the great period of progress. I do not say there were not other things in which our forefathers were unjust. I only wonder, by this time somewhat wearily, why the story of the Yeoman never even occurs to the writers of the perennial article.

Then the writer gives an astonishing example. "The press-gang was still a favourite method of recruiting members for his Majesty's Army or Navy." The press-gang was a black blot on Britain; a thoroughly mean piece of brutality; but why? Because until then it was universally held that English soldiers were all volunteers and enlisted freely. The press-gang was a piece of illegal and treacherous Conscription, used by men who were ashamed to use legal and universal Conscription. But the men of the modern world are not ashamed to use legal and universal Conscription. All the enlightened modern States used it in the last war, and they will use it more in the next war. It is a specially and particularly modern thing. In short, a gigantic Press-Gang, crimping and crushing not somebody but everybody, is one of the most towering and typical creations of the last hundred and fifty years.

That is what I complain of in this sort of regular journalistic philosophy. Not that it criticises conditions a hundred years ago, when there were, heaven knows, plenty of things to criticise. But that it is intellectually incapable of criticising conditions now, when there are new and different things to criticise. Nobody can take in the scale of the modern changes, let alone feel free enough of them to note what is sinister or dubious about them. For instance, nobody has yet measured the meaning of State education, with its practical elimination of the parent; at least of the poor parent. In a real study of modern and relatively recent things it would be necessary to go into these questions. But if

somebody merely says that my grandfather used candles and I use electric light, I am content to answer that when I was in the most modern American hotels, it was the very latest fashion to lower all the electric lights till they gave rather less light than a candle.



THE CHOSEN DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

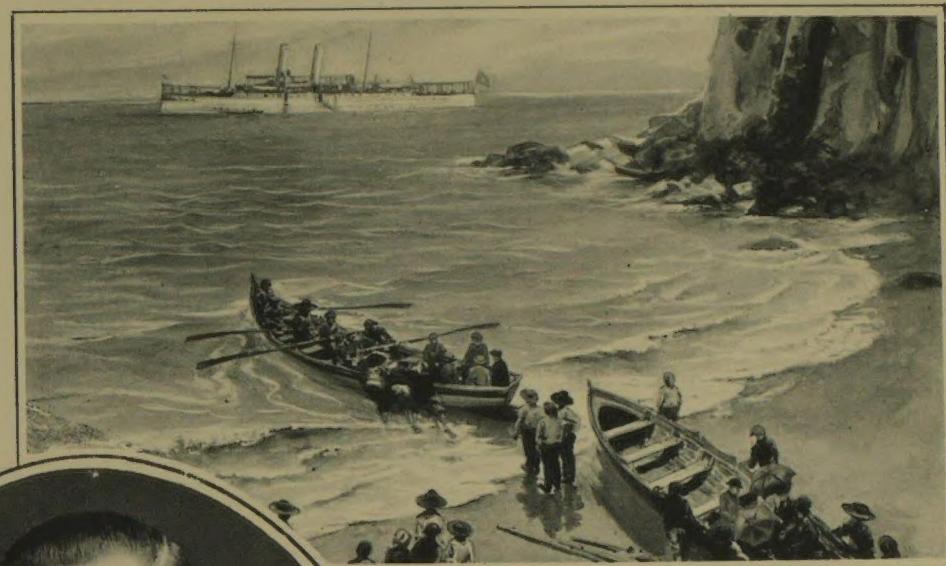
At the Democratic National Convention, recently held in Chicago, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York State, was finally chosen, at a fourth ballot, as Democratic candidate to oppose Mr. Hoover in the coming election for the Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt is a distant cousin, and his wife is a niece, of his famous namesake, the late President Theodore Roosevelt, who was a Republican. Despite lifelong lameness, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt has with great courage won his way to high position, and as Governor of the greatest State in the Union for four years he has a good record of administrative service. He first came into political prominence in 1911, when, as a newly elected (and the youngest) member of the New York State Legislature, he led a successful Democratic revolt against the dictation of "Boss" Murphy. During the war he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He is a strong opponent of Prohibition, and the Democratic programme calls for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. On hearing the news of his nomination, he travelled by air from Albany to Chicago to make his speech of acceptance. Regarding tariffs he said: "By our acts of the past we have invited and received the retaliation of other nations. I propose an invitation to them to forget the past, to sit at a table with us as friends, and to plan with us for the restoration of the trade of the world."

only by the sameness and the lack of any lively curiosity about questions on the other side. Thus it begins with drunkenness; how typical of that type of moralist to begin with drunkenness . . . as if nothing else could be quite so immoral! "In

FROM TRAGEDY TO EXILE : MANOEL OF PORTUGAL, KING AND SCHOLAR—INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER.



KING MANOEL (STANDING IN THE CARRIAGE) SEES HIS FATHER AND BROTHER SHOT DEAD: THE ASSASSINATION OF KING CARLOS AND THE CROWN PRINCE LUIZ IN 1908—SHOWING QUEEN AMELIA BESIDE HER HUSBAND, AND POLICE KILLING THE ASSASSIN WHO SHOT THE PRINCE. (Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo from a Sketch by S. Begg, based on Information by an Eye-witness.)



KING MANOEL'S DEPARTURE FROM PORTUGAL IN 1910: THE DETHRONED KING (SEATED TO LEFT OF AN OFFICER IN THE STERN OF THE FIRST BOAT) EMBARKING FOR THE ROYAL YACHT "AMELIA" AT ERICEIRA—(IN THE OTHER BOAT) HIS MOTHER, QUEEN AMELIA, AND GRANDMOTHER, QUEEN MARIA PIA. (From a Sketch by Cecil King, one of Our Special Artists in Portugal.)



CONSORT OF KING MANOEL: QUEEN AUGUSTA VICTORIA OF PORTUGAL, DAUGHTER OF PRINCE WILLIAM OF HOHENZOLLERN.



THE SCHOLAR KING OF PORTUGAL IN THE DAYS OF HIS EXILE: THE LATE KING MANOEL—A RECENT PORTRAIT.



THE LATE KING MANOEL (EXTREME RIGHT IN FRONT) WATCHING A LAWN TENNIS MATCH AT WIMBLEDON TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH: A GROUP SHOWING (RIGHT TO LEFT IN FRONT) QUEEN AUGUSTA, QUEEN MARY.



DURING HIS BRIEF REIGN AS BOY-KING OF PORTUGAL: THE LATE KING MANOEL AGED ABOUT TWENTY, IN NAVAL UNIFORM.



THE ROYAL BIBLIOPHILE'S FAVOURITE HAUNT IN HIS ENGLISH HOME: THE LIBRARY AT FULWELL PARK, CONTAINING HIS COLLECTION OF RARE BOOKS, OF THE PORTUGUESE RENAISSANCE PERIOD, AND ART TREASURES.

King Manoel, 35th Sovereign of Portugal, who had lived in exile in England since 1910, died suddenly on July 2, in his home at Fulwell Park, Twickenham, aged only forty-two. On the two previous days he had attended the lawn tennis tournament at Wimbledon. The King and Queen drove next day to Fulwell Park to call on his widow. King Manoel was born on November 15, 1889, and was trained for a naval career. On February 1, 1908, he saw his father, King Carlos, and his elder brother, Prince Luiz, shot dead before his eyes by assassins. Thus, at nineteen, he ascended an unpopular throne, and before he was twenty-one, after a reign of 32 months, revolution broke out, and he escaped in his



THE MARRIAGE OF THE LATE KING MANOEL AND PRINCESS AUGUSTA, VICTORIA, CELEBRATED AT SIGMARINGEN, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE WEDDING, WITH THE DOWAGER GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN (LEFT).

Royal Yacht to Gibraltar. Two abortive monarchist risings in his favour occurred in 1911 and 1912, but thereafter he prevented further attempts. In 1913 he married Princess Augusta Victoria, daughter of Prince William of Hohenzollern. During the war King Manoel supported the Allies, and, his offer to serve in the British Army being rejected for political reasons, devoted himself to work for the wounded. At Fulwell Park he cultivated his literary and musical tastes. He became the leading collector of Portuguese Renaissance works, and prepared a catalogue of his treasures. On June 21 he entertained the Friends of the National Libraries.—[RECENT PORTRAITS AND LIBRARY BY W. S. STUART, RICHMOND.]

The World of the Theatre.

By I. T. GREIN.

WHITHER BLOWS THE WIND?—GRAND GUIGNOL AGAIN.

OF course, it is nonsense to re-echo the old cry—the theatre is going to the dogs. It can never die so long as human imagination is alive. Histrionic expression is an urge of the human mind from childhood onwards. But it would be correct to say that the theatre—not only in London, but in America and all over the rest of the world—is in the doldrums where "calm and baffling winds and low spirits prevail." As I write, some twelve London theatres have changed their character by becoming music halls, or are clamouring for a tenant. What is the cause of this unprecedented slump? It is a many-headed hydra. It begins with economic questions, and it does not end in the lack of good plays and judgment. The economic side is—as in everything nowadays—first and foremost. Rents, although already fallen from their vertiginous tops, are still absurdly high. On the figures that prevail, it would be in good times a splendid speculation to build theatres yielding umpteen per cent. interest. Ere long the values will have to go back to pre-war times, lest vacuity is to be followed by bankruptcy. Even more important than the rent problem is that of salaries and wages. If these remain so high, they must lead to unemployment. Theatres will shut up and then there will be jeremiads by the very people who have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Another factor is the non-existence of good plays and the production of many "duds," especially during the last twelve months. Here we ought to pause and reflect. Is it a case of sterility or one of incompetent selection? I fear it is often the latter. Undoubtedly our output, for a large country, is very small. Play-writing is not bred in the bone, as in France, Germany, and Italy. It is an acquired taste. We can count our playwrights who have something to say, and say it well, on the fingers of our two hands; and as for the mechanical importations from America, we have long since grown tired of their artificial mass-production. Besides, there prevails much amateurishness in theatrical management. We now begin to see what the good old days of the actor-manager have meant to us. True, they were on the look-out for themselves, but they were also keen on selecting plays that would interest and impress the multitude. They were out for the best, and often got it. Nowadays it is no longer a question of quality only; it is one of money. Somebody has a play and the wherewithal to back it. It is produced—often slapdash; it fails; there is nothing to fill the gap. Down go the shutters. Next, please, and, maybe, another flop. This is almost an occurrence of every week. What we want is sounder judgment and greater encouragement of the newcomer when he has the goods, but not the shekels, to obtain a hearing. So long as the theatre is ruled for the most part by syndicates, instead of by competent leaders, we shall drift in failure or mediocrity.

Yet—and this is the crucial point—there is already an indication that the tide will be turning, and there are significant signs that in the near future the demand for better fare will lead to regeneration.

Two recent events are of great importance. The one is the revival of "Twelfth Night" at the New; the other the great reception accorded to "Sweet Lavender" at the Lyric, Hammersmith. For the first time since the days of Tree, Shakespeare has not spelt ruin but good fortune in the West End. When Mr. Sidney Carroll and his partner, Mr. Schaverien, announced the performances of "Twelfth Night," many wise men shook their heads. It was foolhardy; it would never pay; yet, when it came in simple artistic setting, with the superb performances of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, it immediately caught the public fancy. Day after day a large crowd queues up at the New Theatre.

It is the triumph of the spirit of romance for which, unconsciously, we have been yearning for a long time. Again, when "Sweet Lavender" came to Hammersmith, the centre of the working-class, grave doubts were raised as to whether this time-honoured idyll would catch on, whether Mr. Balliol Holloway could vie with the still-surviving memories of Edward Terry as the dear, erratic Dick Phenyl. And the miracle happened! Not only did the public relish the sweet simplicity of Pinero's gentle romance, but the author himself—the doyen of our dramatists—testified that Mr. Balliol Holloway not only equalled but even surpassed his famous predecessor. At the Lyric, Hammersmith, as at the New, the boards proclaim "Full House." Mr. Alfred Ferrall's acumen as a new manager

asserted itself at the first go-off because his diagnosis of the public taste proved sound.

After these preliminary canterings in a new (yet old) direction, the wind begins to blow towards new horizons. Just as in 1830 in Paris the revolution of the romantic school with Victor Hugo's "Hernani," so wonderfully vivified by Mr. Philip Carr in his entrancing book, "Days with the French Romantics," overturned the tottering building of the frigid classics, so Shakespeare and Pinero have supplied a wholesome antidote to the inept, meandering kind of play which latterly has wearied the playgoers and caused them to fight shy of the theatre where they did not find entertainment nor their money's worth. We are at the beginning of a new era, and we feel whither the wind blows. The time of bed-room scenes, of flimsy farce, of inane thrillers seems to be over. Our public, in these days of financial despondency, craves for the imaginary and the romantic. We want to turn away, in the theatre, from the daily routine; we want something to stimulate our hearts and our thoughts. If the new generation cannot give it, we will find it in revivals, in Shakespeare, and in those plays of the 'nineties that we treasure as memories of unfading endurance, until the days come when, in the wake of Shaw, a new giant arises impelling homage to the power of his genius.

The fashion for continuous entertainment has set in, and on the tide a new venture presenting a sequence of one-acters, each designed to thrill or horrify, followed by a revue, "Frills," to take the taste away, or at least mitigate the experiences of the first part of the programme, bids for success at the Duke of York's. The little plays are admirably done and each scores its own bull's-eye, for they are well written and economically designed. Though we may have seen them before, they lose none of their power. Mr. Reginald Berkeley's "Eight O'Clock," which presents a picture of the last half-hour in a prison cell before an execution, is movingly acted by Mr. Russell Thorndike, and, though such realism is painfully accurate in its photography, it does not go further; that is, it has the value of information, but not the inspiration of drama. "E. and O.E." by Mr. Eliot Crawshay-Williams, has a grim sort of humour, and Miss Barbara Gott knows how to exploit it. "Something More Important," by Mr. H. F. Maitby, gets us back to the dark underworld—to the room of a prostitute in Seven Dials and the tragedy that is enacted there. It impresses by its sincerity and by the irony of its conclusion, and it was beautifully played by Miss Rosalinde Fuller, Mr. Mortimer Furber, and Mr. Frederick Ross. "Congratulations" is a light trifle that we welcome for its relief, and Mr. Robert Palmer's sketch has a witty surprise to make us laugh. These episodes are healthy, but so much cannot be said of that morbid horror which Mr. André de Lorde creates in his picture of an asylum. "The Old Women," I suppose, has its place in Grand Guignol repertory, and it can be said that in its unsparing horror there is power both in the play and the playing. Miss Elizabeth Arkell as the child, and the performances of Miss Marie Ault, Miss Barbara Gott, and Mr. David Miller were all convincing, but I confess I never enjoyed a tawdry revue like "Frills" before. And if I seek an answer, it was because these sentimental graces, the quips of Mr. Edwin Lawrence and the knock-a-bout humours of laying lino were at least refreshing. After seeing a girl's eyes gouged out, one turns to anything with colour and nonsense and music, crying "For this relief, much thanks!"



"OUT OF THE BOTTLE": THE STUDIO BEFORE TRANSFORMATION; WITH PETER (CLIFFORD MOLLISON) IN A POSTURE OF ACUTE EMBARRASSMENT AT THE GIFTS WHICH THE GRATEFUL DJINN SHOWERS UPON HIM.



THE STUDIO AFTER ITS TRANSFORMATION BY THE DJINN INTO AN APARTMENT OF GREAT ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR: (L. TO R.) MOLLY HARPER (FRANCES DAY), TOM, PETER, PROFESSOR HARPER (SEBASTIAN SMITH), AND SALLYANN HARPER (POLLY WALKER).

"Out of the Bottle," the new musical comedy at the London Hippodrome, is founded on Mr. F. Anstey's book "The Brass Bottle." The hero wins the Djinn's gratitude by letting him out of a brass bottle. One of the most amusing scenes is when the Djinn learns that Peter and his friend Tom are entertaining Peter's fiancée and her father, Professor Harper, at a party. Anxious to help his liberator, Fakrash-el-Aamash arrives with many useless gifts, and then transforms the studio into an Oriental bower and decks the young men in flowing Oriental robes and turbans.

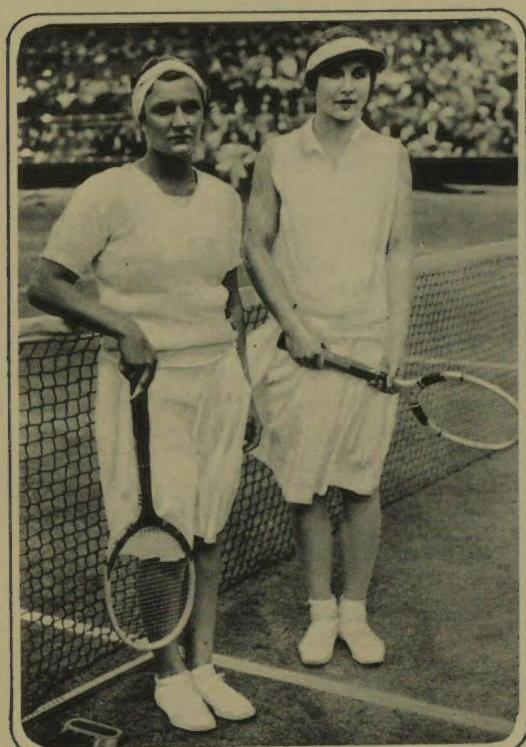
SPORT OF THE MOMENT: CONTESTS INTERNATIONAL AND INTER-VARSITY.



THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S: CAMBRIDGE.
Standing are—from left to right—J. H. Human, E. Cawston,
W. H. Webster, R. C. Rought-Rought, R. de W. K. Winlaw,
A. W. G. Hadingham, and D. M. Parry (12th man). Sitting are—
from left to right—K. Farnes, D. R. Wilcox, A. G. Hazlerigg
(Captain), J. T. H. Comber, and A. T. Ratcliffe.



THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S: OXFORD.
Standing are—from left to right—E. N. Evans, P. C. Oldfield,
A. R. Legard, R. H. J. Brooke, P. G. van de Byl, E. A. Barlow,
and R. C. Stanton (12th man). Sitting are—from left to right—
B. W. Hone, H. G. Owen-Smith, A. Melville (Captain), F. G. H.
Chalk, and T. M. Hart.

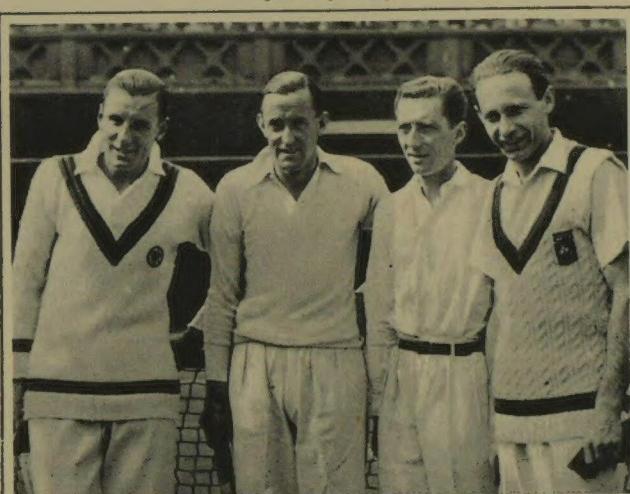


THE FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: MISS HELEN JACOBS, U.S.A. (LEFT); AND MRS. F. S. MOODY (HELEN WILLS), U.S.A., THE WINNER.

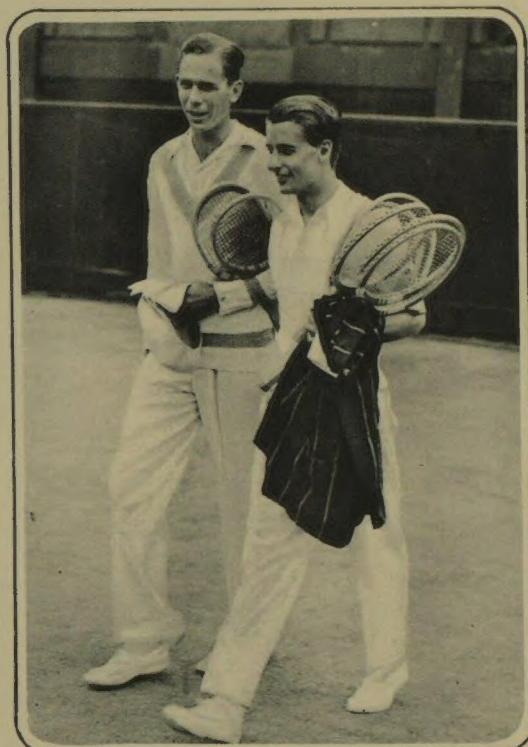
Mrs. Moody beat Miss Jacobs 6—3, 6—1.



THE WINNERS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES AT WIMBLEDON:
Mlle. J. SIGART, BELGIUM (LEFT); AND Mlle. D. METAXA
(FRANCE).
The winning score was 6—4, 6—3; against Miss E. Ryan and Miss H. Jacobs (U.S.A.)

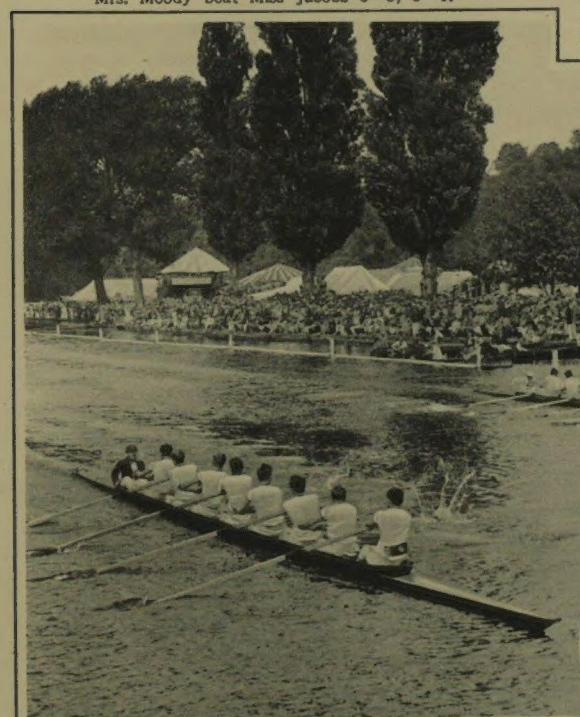


THE FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: F. J. PERRY (GREAT BRITAIN) AND G. P. HUGHES (GREAT BRITAIN), THE LOSERS; AND J. BRUGNON (FRANCE) AND J. BOROTRA (FRANCE), THE WINNERS—LEFT TO RIGHT.
Borotra and Brugnon beat Perry and Hughes 6—0, 4—6, 3—6, 7—5, 7—5.



THE FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: H. E. VINES, U.S.A., THE WINNER (LEFT); AND H. W. AUSTIN, GREAT BRITAIN.

Vines beat Austin 6—4, 6—2, 6—0.



THE FINISH OF THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE AT HENLEY:
SHREWSBURY SCHOOL BEAT ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
BY A LENGTH.

At Henley Regatta the Shrewsbury School eight beat Oriel (Oxford) in the final of the Ladies' Challenge Plate by a length in 7 minutes 40 seconds, a most popular result. A. V. Sutcliffe, the Shrewsbury School stroke, turns the scale at 13 stone 4 lb. The Cambridge University crew which won the University Boat-Race this year won the Grand Challenge Cup, rowing in the Leander Club's colours. They beat the Thames Rowing Club by half a length in 7 minutes

[Continued opposite.]



THE FINALISTS FOR THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS AT HENLEY: H. BUHTZ, GERMANY, THE WINNER (LEFT); AND G. BOETZELN, GERMANY.



THE FINISH OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP AT HENLEY:
LEANDER CLUB (THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, 1932) BEAT
THAMES R.C.

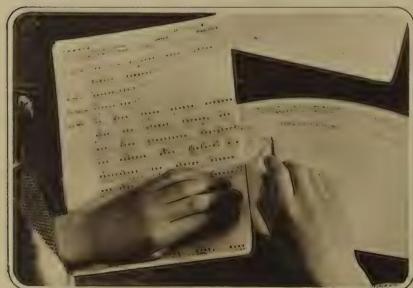
19 seconds. As a consequence, they will represent Great Britain in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles. The final of the Diamond Challenge Sculls was between two Germans, members of the Berliner Ruder Club—H. Buhtz and G. Boetzen. The former won easily in 9 minutes 15 seconds. A German has never before won the Diamonds. Buhtz, who is twenty, is a student of dentistry at Berlin University. He rows in "classic" style.

CHANGING THE LANGUAGE OF A "TALKIE" WITHOUT RE-



ANALYSING THE DIALOGUE OF A SOUND-FILM TO WHICH AN ALIEN LANGUAGE HAS TO BE WEDED AFTER ITS ORIGINAL LANGUAGE HAS BEEN DISPOSED FROM IT; NOTING ESPECIALLY SYLLABLES AND WORDS CALLING FOR SUCH DEFINITE LIP-MOVEMENTS THAT THE TRANSLATOR MUST IMITATE THEM AS CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE.

THE majority of moving-pictures must have international appeal if they are to make a profit. It was a simple matter to translate the descriptive captions of the silent film, so that an audience of any particular nationality could read them. The sound film, with its speaking characters, presents another problem. The "talkie" in English is of no value in English-speaking countries, and so forth. But generally, it would not pay to have the screen play re-read and re-spoken for every land in which it is to be exhibited. Yet the players must be made intelligible to as many peoples as possible. Hence the custom of diversing



WRITING THE DIALOGUE ON A DISC FROM WHICH AN ACTOR WILL READ HIS PART; PLACING SYLLABLES AND WORDS IN THEIR PROPER SPACES, EACH OF WHICH REPRESENTS ONE OF THE "FRAMES," OR PICTURES, OF THE FILM, EACH "FRAME" OF WHICH HAS BEEN NUMBERED TO ENSURE SYNCHRONISATION.



M. SORBIER, THE FRENCH ACTOR, SPEAKING IN FRENCH A PART GUSTAV FROELICH ACTED AND SPOKE IN GERMAN—STANDING IN FRONT OF A MICROPHONE AND READING HIS WORDS, TIMING THEM ACCORDING TO THEIR SPACING ON THE REVOLVING DIALOGUE-DISC.

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THE DÉBÂCLE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

*"THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION": By LEON TROTSKY.**

(PUBLISHED BY COLLANZ.)

THIS is an attempt, by a protagonist in the world's most violent revolution, to describe it in the terms of impersonal history: and the writer has evidently hoped to do this by the Cæsarean device of referring to himself in the third person and describing his own part in the events (a comparatively small part in this first volume) in a merely incidental manner. The attempt fails: for it is impossible for Trotsky to keep his own personality and his own prepossessions out of a single word which he pens. Venomous hatred, scorn, intolerance, sarcasm (much of it rhetorically effective), and invective crowd every page. The depravity of the bourgeoisie is, it need hardly be said, taken for granted as an axiom of the whole treatise, and, with the exception of Lenin, there is scarcely an individual to whom Trotsky refers except in terms of contempt or detestation. Anything more lacking in the impersonality of the historian it is impossible to imagine; instead of chronicle, we get exactly what we should expect—ineffatigable, implacable propaganda. This does not mean, however, that the book is without value. It is at least illuminating as an insight into the Bolshevik mind, especially that "intellectual" type which Trotsky exemplifies more than any other Red except Lenin. He has proved a trifle too intellectual even for his own colleagues; and one can well understand, after reading this volume, that no party could long co-operate with such a waspish temperament. However, a good hater is always interesting, and there is something which impresses the reader, in spite of himself, in the very intensity of this spitfire's spleen. It enables us at least to understand something of the astonishing achievements of Trotsky the Generalissimo.

It would be more interesting, however, if it were not so much involved with the pedantries and the recriminations of revolutionary politics. Nothing is more tiresome than the rancorous feuds of the sects in which Russian revolutionaries have always delighted; and the wrangles of Octobrists, Kadets, Narodniki, Trudoviks, Maximalists, Zimmerwaldists, Defensists, Dekabrists, and innumerable others make large areas of this long volume exceedingly barren, diffuse, and wearisome. It seems impossible for two Russians to differ on the smallest point of doctrine without immediately constituting themselves two different "schools" preaching two different kinds of -isms; and both apparently are ready to sacrifice themselves, each other, and the whole community for the sacred cause of their own peculiar, fractional -ism. In this realm of abstract political sectarianism Trotsky is most tedious and least informative; and he only begins to arrest the attention when he deals in personal portraiture or in the direct narrative of dramatic events. He has an unquestionable gift of mordant expression, and there is scarcely a prominent figure of the revolution whom he does not depict in a few vivid, sardonic phrases. Characteristic, in this vein, are the curt paragraphs which sum up Stalin, the "strong, but theoretically and politically primitive, organiser . . . the 'practical,' without theoretical viewpoint, without broad political interests . . . this organiser without intellectual horizon." Stalin proved even less capable than Kamenev of developing an independent position in the Executive Committee, which he entered as a representative of the party. There is to be found in its reports and its press not one proposal, announcement, or protest in which Stalin expressed the Bolshevik point of view in opposition to the fawning of the 'democracy' at the feet of liberalism."

The narrative, when it frees itself from partisan bickering, does not lack vigour. Its most dramatic moment is the arrival of Lenin after his celebrated journey through enemy country in the "sealed train." A great popular

demonstration greeted him; and then he met the "colleagues" who, in his view, had betrayed the cause in his absence by pusillanimous compromise, despite the intransigent policy which he had ordained, in a few staccato sentences, by telegram from Switzerland. "In the palace of Kshesinskaia, Bolshevik headquarters in the satin nest of a court ballerina—that combination must have amused Lenin's always lively irony—greetings began again. This was too much. Lenin endured the flood of eulogistic speeches like an impatient pedestrian waiting in a doorway for the rain to stop. He felt the sincere joyfulness at his arrival, but was bothered by its verboseness. The very tone of the official greetings seemed to him imitative, affected—in a word, borrowed from the petty bourgeois democracy, declamatory, sentimental and false. . . . He smiled a good-natured reproach, looked at his watch, and from time to time doubtless gave an unrestrained yawn. The echo of the last greeting had not died away, when this unusual guest let loose upon that audience a cataract of passionate thought which at times sounded almost like a lashing. . . . The fundamental impression made by Lenin's speech even among those nearest to him was one of fright. All the accepted formulas, which

"became the unqualified leader of the most revolutionary party in the world's history, because his thought and will were really equal to the demands of the gigantic revolutionary possibilities of the country and the epoch." But "if our exposition demonstrates and proves anything at all, we hope it proves that Lenin was not a demigod of the revolutionary process, that he merely entered the chain of objective historic forces. But he was a great link in that chain."

Consistently with his main theme, Trotsky examines, unsystematically but vigorously, the different elements of disruption which awaited their climax. Many of these, such as the effects of the 1905 insurrection, the incessant industrial disorders, the agrarian situation, and the brutalities of bureaucratic government, are too familiar to need reference. Naturally enough, the quintessence of Trotsky's scorn is reserved for the Court circle, and in this respect not even the bile of a Trotsky can exaggerate the appalling situation which existed; nor is there any denying his charges of ineptitude and corruption in the army and his accusations of "the exploitation of the masses" both by incompetent officers on the field of battle and by cynical profiteers on the home front. We require no knowledge of "the great, moving forces," but merely some elementary acquaintance with flesh and blood, to be convinced that something in Russia had to snap in 1917. Up to this point Trotsky's denunciations are justified, and even those who detest the Bolshevism of to-day must often ask themselves whether it can possibly be worse than the Czarist régime as it developed during the war. It is after the February Revolution that Trotsky forsakes just indictment for fanatical dogma. To him, the Provisional Government was nothing but a conspiracy against the masses, and its every move was a calculated betrayal of the proletariat to the bourgeoisie. Not a man in it but was a conscious party to this grand treachery, not one—least of all the three arch-villains, Miliukov, Kerensky, and Cheidze—who was capable of an honest or an intelligent motive. All this, of course, is a monstrous distortion both of men and of events, and is characteristic of what Trotsky would doubtless call the revolutionary ideology; but again it has its modicum of truth, in so far as it charges the Provisional Government, and the abortive Coalition which followed it, with indistinctness

BY A MODERN ARTIST WHOSE STYLE HAS BEEN COMPARED WITH THAT OF CANALETTO: MR. ALGERNON NEWTON'S "THE THAMES AT WAPPING," WHICH HAS BEEN BOUGHT BY THE MELBOURNE ART GALLERY.

Mr. Algernon Newton, whose work is very well known to our readers from the fact that we have published reproductions of a number of his paintings, has just had one of his pictures, "The Thames at Wapping," purchased by the Melbourne Art Gallery. He was already represented in such famous galleries as the City of Birmingham, the Brighton, the National Gallery of New South Wales, the Pietermaritzburg Art

Gallery, and the Minneapolis Art Gallery, U.S.A. His style has been compared with that of Canaletto.

with innumerable repetition had acquired in the course of a month a seemingly unshakable permanence, were exploded one after another before the eyes of that audience."

But it is not with the spectacular events of Russia's agony that Trotsky is primarily concerned: "This book," he tells us on an early page, "will concern itself . . . with the great, moving forces of history, which are super-personal in character." Again and again he insists that the February Revolution of 1917 was not the product of individual wills, but the logical and the inevitable outcome of these "great, moving forces of history." The immediate occasion was the outbreak, on "Woman's Day" (Feb. 23), of a formidable strike in Petrograd; but this was only a bubble in the fermentation. "At the same time that the official society, all that many-storied superstructure of ruling classes, layers, groups, parties, and cliques, lived from day to day by inertia and automatism, nourishing themselves with the relics of worn-out ideas, deaf to the inexorable demands of evolution, flattering themselves with phantoms and foreseeing nothing—at the same time, in the working masses there was taking place an independent and deep process of growth, not only of hatred for the rulers, but of critical understanding of their impotence, an accumulation of experience and creative consciousness which the revolutionary insurrection and its victory only completed." Even Lenin himself—and, as we have said, he is the sole person who commands Trotsky's respect—was only a *causa causans*, not a *causa sine qua non*. He

of policy and infirmity of purpose. It may well be doubted whether any Government could have arrested completely the process of disintegration which had set in; but it is certain that the Moderates never even began to cope with the problems which confronted them on every side. The charge against them is not that they delivered the proletariat to the bourgeoisie, but that they delivered the bourgeoisie to the proletariat—or, rather, to the despots of the proletariat, whose despotism Trotsky makes only feeble, casuistical efforts to reconcile with the "will" and the "good" of the masses. The strength of Lenin lay in the fact that he was the one man who not only welcomed the chaos, but knew exactly what he wanted from it. This volume covers only the period up to July, when Lenin's policy had apparently failed at all points: he was "completely isolated," his own adherents regarded his policy as "fantastic," the glib and bombastic Kerensky believed that he could afford to laugh at him, and although he had "re-armed" his party, he had failed to impose his will upon it. But, while others wrung their hands, he continued to know what he wanted. We are promised in Trotsky's second volume the grim story of how he got it.

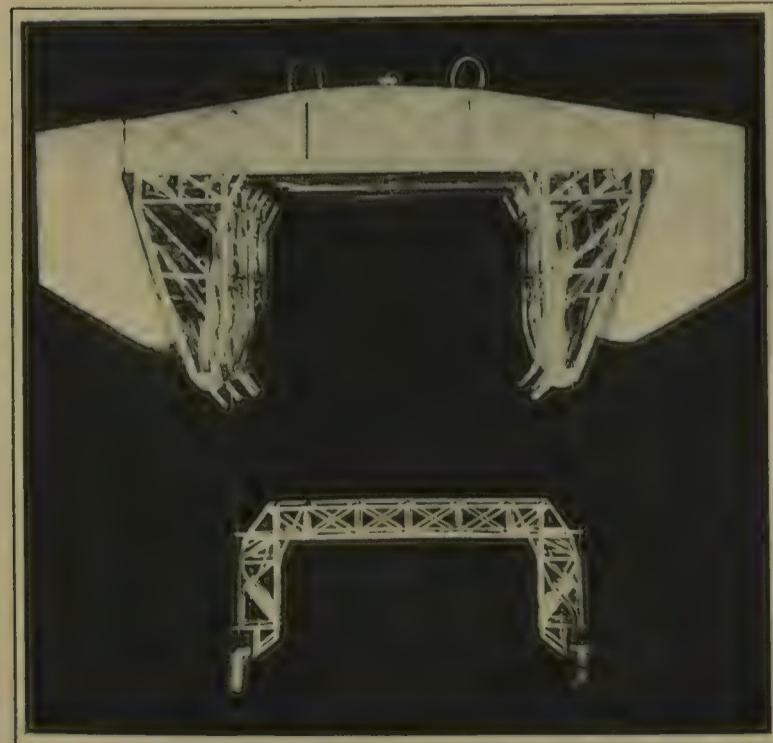
And yet, after all, perhaps it was not the inflexible will of Lenin, but Russia herself, which ordained Russia's ordeal. We cannot leave this book without the feeling—what a phantasmagoria! what a people! and what a fate!

C. K. A.

WRECK-RAISING BY GRAPPLING - PONTOONS: STEEL JAWS AND CAISSENS FOR SALVING SUNKEN SHIPS.



1. ABOUT TO RAISE THE SUNKEN VESSEL—ONE GRAPPLING-PONTOON SUBMERGED AND GRIPPING THE FORWARD PART OF THE WRECK (RIGHT LOWER CORNER); AND THE SECOND GRAPPLING-PONTOON ABOUT TO BE SUNK, GUIDED BY LINES FROM THE GUIDING DEVICE, WHICH CAN BE SEEN ACROSS THE VESSEL'S DECK.
(SEE ILLUSTRATION 2.)



2. AN END VIEW OF A PONTOON AND ITS SET OF STEEL JAWS; AND (BELOW) THE GUIDING DEVICE WHICH ALLOWS OF THE PONTOON AND JAWS BEING SUNK ACCURATELY ACROSS THE WRECK.



3. A GRAPPLING-PONTOON.—SHOWING THE JAWS WHICH GRIP THE HULL OF THE SUNKEN SHIP, AND THE PONTOON PROPER, WHICH BRINGS THE WRECK TO THE SURFACE WHEN FILLED WITH COMPRESSED AIR.

THE problems of salvage at sea are of constant interest, whether concerned with the question of obtaining information as to the cause of a vessel's loss, as in the case of submarine "M.2"; or with recovering valuables that went down in the wreck, as in the case of the "Egypt." We here present details of a new wreck-raising device. The following description reached us with the photographs, which, of course, are of models: "Giuseppe Bontempi, inventor and engineer, has perfected a system of salvaging in which he employs 'controlled grappling-pontoons.' The pontoons can be used at depths too deep for ordinary diving operations. The pontoons consist essentially of a series of buoyancy chambers superimposed upon a steel framework provided with gripping steel jaws. These jaws lock by the weight of the vessel, and cannot be opened until that weight is released. When the pontoons are filled with compressed air from the tanks aboard the salvaging ship, their natural upward action brings the load within the steel jaws to the water's surface. The wreck thus suspended, being under positive control, can be towed to dry dock."



4. A WRECK ABOUT TO BE RAISED: A PAIR OF GRAPPLING-PONTOONS WITH THEIR JAWS GRIPPING THE SUNKEN SHIP AND READY TO BE PUMPED FULL OF COMPRESSED AIR; WHEN THEY WILL BRING THEMSELVES AND THE SHIP TO THE SURFACE.



5. A WRECK BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE: THE VESSEL GRIPPED IN TWO PLACES BY THE GRAPPLING-PONTOONS, WHICH KEEP THE SHIP AFLOAT WHILE IT IS BEING TOWED TO DOCK FOR EXAMINATION BY EXPERTS.

FOREIGN PRECAUTIONS AGAINST GAS ATTACK: WHAT IS BRITAIN DOING?

GAS-MASK MAKING, FOR DEFENCE IN WAR, AS A GERMAN PEACE-TIME INDUSTRY.



TESTING A FINISHED GERMAN GAS-MASK TO ENSURE ITS BEING AIR-TIGHT: HOLDING OVER IT A WHITE COVER ON WHICH, IF THERE IS ANY LEAK, A RED SPOT APPEARS.



ONE OF THE METHODS BY WHICH GAS-MASKS ARE RENDERED AIR-TIGHT: PAINTING LIQUID GUM OVER THE SEAM STITCHES ROUND THE EDGES—SHOWING UNFINISHED MASKS IN A GERMAN FACTORY.



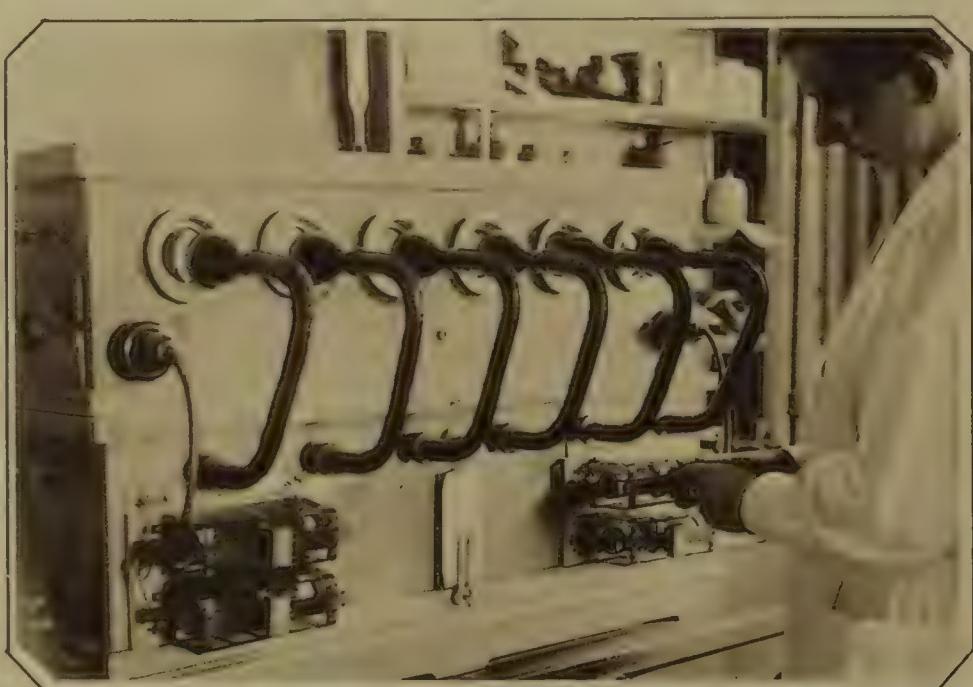
FIXING RUBBER BANDS OVER SEAMS: ANOTHER METHOD OF PREVENTING AIR OR GAS FROM PENETRATING MASKS, WHICH ARE MADE OF GAS-TIGHT MATERIAL AND SEWN WITH SPECIAL MACHINES.



FILLING THE RESPIRATION FILTERS WITH ACTIVATED CARBON WHICH ABSORBS POISONOUS GASES: AN OPERATION IN A GERMAN FACTORY FOR MAKING GAS-MASKS.



MAKING SURE THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST LEAK IN METAL CONTAINERS FOR CARBON IN GAS-MASK RESPIRATION FILTERS: A SPECIAL TESTING APPARATUS.



IN A GERMAN GAS-MASK FACTORY: A STAGE IN THE PROCESS OF MAKING EYE-PIECES, WHICH WOULD SOON BE COVERED WITH MOISTURE AND IMPERVIOUS TO LIGHT IF NOT PROTECTED BY GLASSES THAT DO NOT BECOME DIM.

While other nations are preparing defence measures against possible future air raids, and especially against gas-bombs, it may be asked what steps our own military authorities are taking in this vital matter. Everyone hopes, of course, that the Disarmament Conference will abolish chemical warfare and air attacks on civil populations, but it is dangerous to take that for granted, and some Power might treat an agreement as a "scrap of paper." These photographs show gas-mask making, for protective purposes in war, as a German peace-time industry. Practice training in anti-aircraft defence has recently taken place at Charlottenburg, Berlin

(as illustrated opposite), and also in East Prussia, where the operations included smoke-screens for towns, bridges, and other bombing objectives, air-raid warnings, ambulance work, and first aid. Similar demonstrations at Bremen were illustrated in our issue of November 7, 1931, while photographs in that of February 20 last showed how Russian workers are trained to wear gas-masks. France also is taking elaborate precautions. In our issue of September 12, 1931, was illustrated a realistic gas-bomb raid, with treatment of casualties, staged at Nancy during French Air Manœuvres, and lately tests were carried out in the Pas de Calais.

ANTI-GAS DEFENCE TRAINING IN GERMANY: A REALISTIC "AIR RAID."



GERMANY EDUCATING HER CIVILIAN POPULATION TO PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN THE NEXT WAR: EFFECTS OF AN AIR RAID WITH GAS-BOMBS REALISTICALLY STAGED IN THE GROUNDS OF THE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL AT CHARLOTTENBURG, BERLIN—TYPICAL "VICTIMS" LYING ON THE GROUND AS THOUGH OVERCOME BY FUMES OF POISON-GAS AND CHEMICALS.



GERMAN POLICEMEN IN GAS-MASKS CARRYING A "GASSED" CIVILIAN TO A STRETCHER: AN INCIDENT OF THE CHARLOTTENBURG ANTI-AIR RAID EXERCISES, SHOWING THE "GAS-CLOUD" ENVELOPING A WHOLE APARTMENT BLOCK.

As noted on the opposite page, the active steps which Germany is taking to train her civilian population in precautions against gas attack by air, in any future war, were exemplified recently by an anti-air raid demonstration at Charlottenburg, Berlin. These exercises, held in the grounds of the Technical High School, were staged with impressive realism. Police, firemen, and reserves took part in the operations, all wearing gas-masks, and were seen engaged in the rescue of persons apparently overcome by poisonous fumes; while the Red Cross and ambulance



THE NEUTRALISING BRIGADES AT WORK SPRINKLING CALCIUM CHLORIDE SOLUTION IN THE "GAS-POISONED" AREA AT CHARLOTTENBURG: A SCENE SHOWING THE GREAT POPULAR INTEREST TAKEN IN THE DEMONSTRATION.

services administered first-aid. Without preventive measures, including the general use of gas-masks, people in cities might be annihilated in masses, if the modern potentialities of chemical warfare were ever put in practice. Hence the vital importance of these instructional manœuvres, which, as we have pointed out, is realised on the Continent, if not in our own country. Nor is it only in war that danger may arise from poisonous gases. There have been several instances of similar risks occurring, in time of peace, from processes of modern industry.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TOPOGRAPHY, like history and biography, has of late years acquired a lighter touch, mingling pleasantly descriptive impressions with personal experiences of travel. An acknowledged master in this kind, who has already chronicled his adventures in quest of England, Scotland, and Ireland, completes his quartet on the British Isles with an equally delightful tour—"IN SEARCH OF WALES." By H. V. Morton. With sixteen Illustrations and a Map (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). What is it, I ask myself, that gives Mr. Morton's books their distinctive character—that essential quality of "difference"? It lies, I think, in his power of blending humour with pathos, and historical imagination with a fellow-feeling for the tastes of the average man; also in the skilful interchange and alternation of these moods. Continuous jesting may become as monotonous as a constant flux of sentiment, and, just as we welcome comic relief in a tragedy, so a certain amount of tragic relief can freshen the springs of laughter.

Mr. Morton further possesses the novelist's eye for character and situation. Some of his incidental scenes, such as that of the train-load of incongruous trippers yanked by mountain railway to the top of Snowdon, are little gems of comedy. In a more serious vein, he visits the blackened valleys of the South, and portrays with sympathetic friendliness the life of the mining population and their brave endurance during the lean years of economic distress. He descends a mine to realise the hardships and perils of toil underground, and reveals the cultivated mentality of the Welsh miner in his hours of leisure, with his love of books and education, and his natural genius for music and song. Friendliness is, indeed, the keynote of Mr. Morton's genial peregrinations. He has the right spirit of locality; he understands the *genius loci*; but, at the same time, he observes the dictum of Horace that *Dulce est desipere in loco*.

In literature, as in life, we are often surprised by the eruption of the unexpected. Had I been asked to name some modern writer unlikely to produce a fervent work on rusticity and the joys of horticulture, I might well have hit on the author of "DOWN THE GARDEN PATH." By Beverley Nichols. With Decorations by Rex Whistler (Cape; 7s. 6d.). Who could have anticipated this addition to a list of previous works containing such items as "Twenty-Five" (that inimitably precocious autobiography), or "The Star-Spangled Manner," or "Are They the Same at Home?" not to mention current dialogues in the *Sketch* hardly typical of the simple life? But perhaps there were certain subconscious premonitory symptoms in the title of "Crazy Pavements."

Anyhow, Mr. Beverley Nichols has blossomed forth as a true son of Adam, although the only Eves admitted to his Eden, visitors and neighbours, sometimes emulate the serpent's tongue. His work is not a mere *jeu d'esprit*, but a real contribution to amateur gardening, written with all the zest of a novice for unconventional experiment. Despite a warning that the book merely expresses "the first ecstasy" of a neophyte, and that "you must not look to it for guidance," it does contain, indirectly, much useful information. At the same time, Mr. Beverley Nichols could not fail to be amusing, even if his subject had been agricultural statistics, and his beguiling pages teem with characteristic quips and witticisms.

One thing, however, is left unexplained, and that is the origin and growth of the author's hankering after rural joys. A man does not, on the spur of the moment, send a wireless message to a friend in Timbuctoo, from the *Mauretanias* at midnight during an Atlantic storm, offering to buy a cottage in Huntingdonshire, unless there had been some previous mental trend in that direction. Mr. Beverley Nichols, however, springs fully armed with rake and hoe from the head of whatever god presides over the flower-bed. We may learn the secret later, perhaps, for I rejoice to note that there is more to come. "I warn you," he concludes, "I am going to write at least six more gardening books.... For, as I observed, in the foreword to this little book, 'a garden is the only mistress who never fades, never fails!'"

Advice and instruction, fortified by very seductive photographs, are definitely the purpose of a fine folio volume called "GARDENS AND GARDENING." The Studio Garden Annual for 1932. Edited by F. A. Mercer (London: The Studio, Ltd.; New York: William Edwin Rudge; 7s. 6d. in wrappers; 10s. 6d. in cloth). Charity and commerce respectively inspire two other well-illustrated publications—"THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND AND WALES." Open to the Public in Aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. With Introduction by Christopher Hussey (Country Life, Ltd.; 1s.); and "THE BLUE BOOK OF GARDENING" (Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd., Raynes Park; 1s.), a glorified catalogue full of practical hints.

The history and æsthetics of horticulture are treated in scholarly essays, arranged on the calendar principle, with a chapter to each month, entitled "THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN." By Arthur Stanley. With Decorations by Hal Woolf (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 6s.).

And now for more topographical works! Preferring quality to quantity, I lead off with one of the smallest—"THE FACE OF ENGLAND." In a series of Occasional Sketches. By Edmund Blunden (Longmans; 3s. 6d.). As becomes a poet, Mr. Blunden has chosen the dramatic or idyllic rather than the informative method. He has been in search of the spirit of rural England, as expressed in typical scenes and characters, seeking material from his own local experience. We get, for instance, a village cricket match, or a homely talk about Clare's poems in an ale-house which he once frequented. The rural Muse figures prominently, and interspersed among the prose chapters are examples of the author's own felicitous verse. Mr. Blunden's book belongs to the daintily produced English Heritage series, edited by Lord Lee of Fareham

the physical formation of the land. He shows how local architecture, both domestic and ecclesiastical, was ultimately determined by local geology. Accordingly, he has divided the country, for his own purposes, into five main geological sections, and a coloured folding map shows the geology of all England. Mr. Wickham's excellent work is a companion volume to Mr. Basil Oliver's "The Cottages of England" (in the English Life series), and will equally enhance the pleasures of homeland travel.

Another beautifully illustrated book is "THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE." In Picture, Prose, and Poetry. Collected and Arranged by Kathleen Conyngham Greene (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 12s. 6d.). Although she disclaims the term "anthology," that is the nearest word I can think of to describe the book, and I do not see why it should be, as she puts it, "an impertinence in an Irishwoman to attempt one." Certain of her compatriots, more venturesome than any anthologist, have not shrunk even from criticising John Bull's island. What she means, I think, is that her book does not pretend to be comprehensive.

It is intended "for those visitors who would like to take away a memory of the real England; and for English men and women away from England, who are homesick." There are over eighty exquisite photographs, and the literary extracts are well chosen. In one passage from "In Memoriam," I notice a slight misquotation of the line—

Old yew, which graspest at the stones.

Not all the scenes illustrated are definitely located—a mistake, I think, in a book that is deliberately reminiscent.

All these visions of rural loveliness are a sore temptation to a city-pent scribe with the instincts of the Scholar Gipsy. They make me feel that, for two pins, I could shake off the dust of London, desert my wife and family, and take to the open road. For who more care-free than the tramp, on his permanent walking-tour? As it is, however, I must be content with books, and in that respect I cannot complain of being stinted. They send me hiking in imagination up and down the country, but space compels me to be brief in naming them. A subject which nowadays concerns the motorist more than the pedestrian is well handled in "THE ROADS OF ENGLAND." Being a Review of the Roads, of Travellers, and of Traffic in England, from the Days of the Ancient Trackways to the Modern Motoring Era. By R. M. C. Anderson. With Foreword by Sir William Morris and sixteen (line drawing) Maps (Benn; 8s. 6d.). An interesting historical study of English cartography is presented in "THE MAP OF ENGLAND"; or, About England with an Ordnance Map. By Col. Sir Charles Close, F.R.S. Some time Director-General of the Ordnance Survey. With eight Illustrations (Peter Davies; 6s.). This book, which touches on archaeology and local history, as well as aerial photography, will be valuable to all sorts and conditions of travellers.

For a popular survey of our land, picturesquely written and attractively illustrated by various landscape-painters, all the average reader needs to ask is furnished in "ENGLAND." By Ronald Carton. With thirty-two Colour Plates (Black; 7s. 6d.). Among works on particular localities an imposing and abundantly pictured example is "NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM." By Iris Wedgwood. Illustrated by G. E. Chambers (Faber and Faber; 5s.). "My words," Lady Wedgwood modestly concludes, "are but signposts by the side of the track. Like signposts, they will, I am afraid, not always have told you what you want to know; will you therefore go and find out?" Love of nature—especially birds—pervades a charmingly allusive book on the Cotswolds, with an autobiographical element, entitled "WOLD WITHOUT END." By H. J. Massingham. With eight Illustrations (Cobden-Sanderson; 10s. 6d.). Here, again, we have the calendar principle—a chapter to each month. Another favourite hill-range is ably described, by a noted archaeologist, in "THE CHILTERN AND THE THAMES VALLEY." (From Iffley to Staines.) By S. E. Winbolt. With fifty-four Photographs by Edgar Ward (Bell; 6s.)—a new volume of Bell's Pocket Guides.

Finally, here are two books dealing with special phases of the English scene—"ROOMS OF MYSTERY AND ROMANCE." By Allan Fea. Author of "Nooks and Corners of Old England." With twenty-three Illustrations (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), a fascinating work by a master of local romance; and "ENGLISH WINDMILLS." Vol. II. A record of the mills in Buckinghamshire, Essex, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and London. By Donald Smith. On behalf of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Illustrated (Architectural Press; 5s. 6d.). A sound and well-constructed work, at which Don Quixote would tilt in vain.

C. E. B.



THE "IMAGINABLE"—AND UNUSED—SNARK: THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY HENRY HOLIDAY FOR "THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK," INCLUDED IN THE LEWIS CARROLL CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. BUMPUS'S, OXFORD STREET.

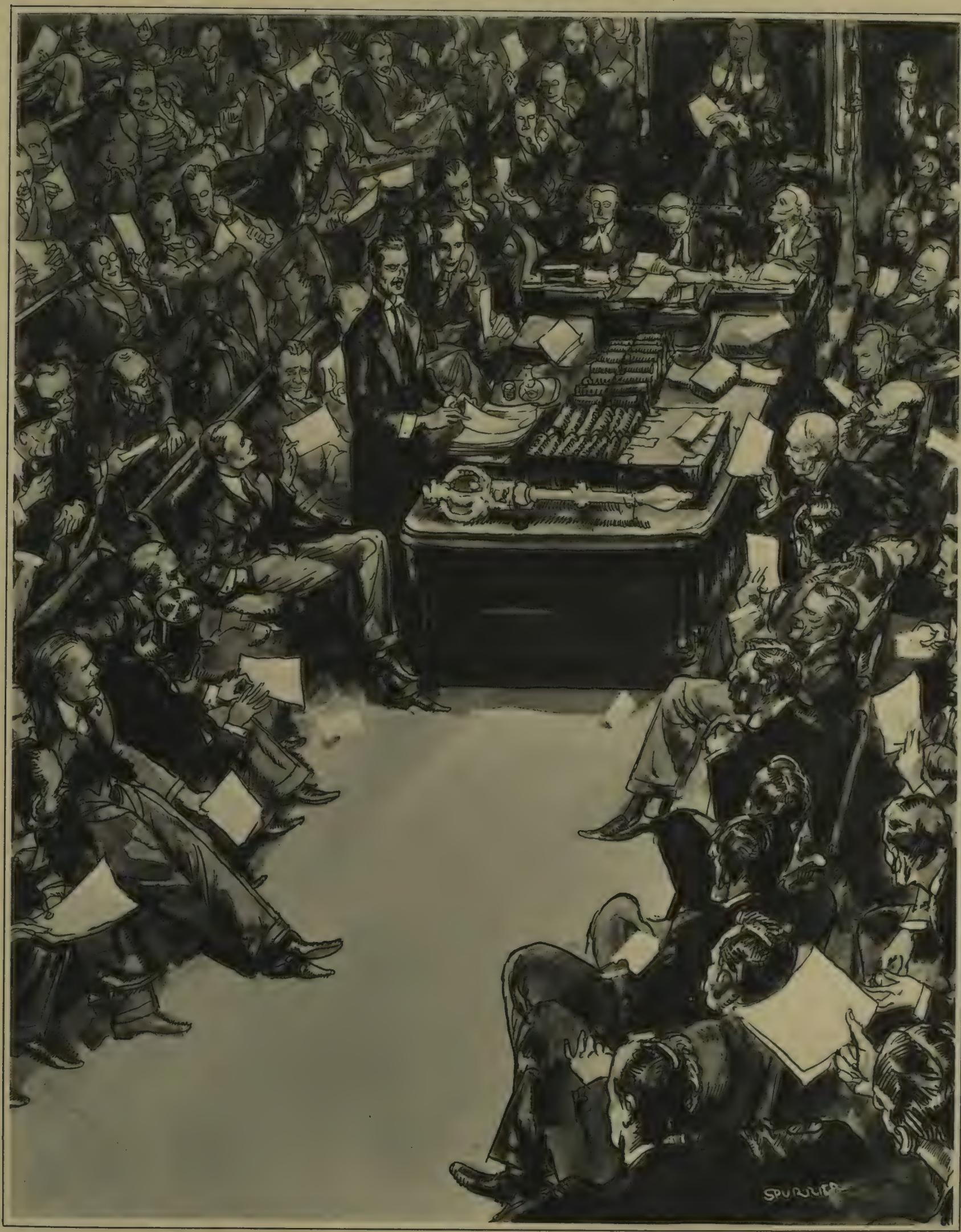
A special interest attaches to this drawing, since it has never been published in any edition of "The Hunting of the Snark." Carroll's own wishes were responsible for this. When he saw the drawing, he wrote to the artist to this effect: that it was a beautiful beast, but that he (Carroll) had made the Snark strictly unimaginable and desired him to remain so.

and Mr. J. C. Squire. Two other interesting volumes in it are "LONDON." By H. G. Corner. With Introduction by Sir Chartres Biron; and "THE ENGLISH COUNTY TOWN." By Guy Parsloe. With Introduction by Hugh Walpole (Longmans; 3s. 6d. each). These books are not illustrated.

Pictorial charm is a leading feature in "THE VILLAGES OF ENGLAND." By A. K. Wickham (Batsford; 12s. 6d.), which contains a frontispiece pen and water-colour drawing (of Horley, Oxfordshire) by Sydney R. Jones, with 107 beautiful photographs and fifteen line drawings. I remember some years ago propounding to sundry publishers a series on British villages, but the seed fell on stony ground. My plan, however, was rather on biographical lines, and would have comprised villages associated with famous men (such places as Burnham Thorpe, Somersby, Dean Prior, Morwenstow, and Chalfont St. Giles) not included in the present work. Mr. Wickham has chosen his villages on æsthetic and architectural grounds, and as typical examples of building methods and materials varying with

THE £2,000,000,000 FIVE PER CENT. WAR LOAN CONVERSION SCHEME.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ANNOUNCING THE GOVERNMENT'S GREAT PLAN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
WHERE IT WAS RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM AS A MOVE AS BENEFICIAL AS IT IS BOLD.

The conversion scheme for the whole of the £2,000,000,000 Five per Cent. War Loan was announced in the House of Commons by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on June 30, and in the House of Lords, at the same time, by Lord Hailsham, speaking on behalf of the Government. The plan was received with enthusiasm by all Parties. Presuming that the scheme succeeds—and there is no doubt that it will—the annual saving in interest will be £30,000,000 gross and £23,000,000 net. As a financial operation, there has been nothing paralleling it in magnitude; and it is expected that it will prove of the

greatest value to producers, traders, and tax-payers. Briefly, as the world knows, the Government intends to redeem at par on December 1; but invites holders to continue in the Loan at the reduced rate of three-and-a-half per cent. from that date. In the drawing, Mr. Lansbury is seen seated facing the Chancellor. On the Government Front Bench behind the Chancellor are, among others, Captain Margesson, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, Sir John Gilmour, and Major Walter Elliot. On the left of the next bench is Sir Austen Chamberlain, who congratulated his brother.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



SHEEPDOG TRIALS IN HYDE PARK: (LEFT) MR. J. M. WILSON, OF MOFFAT, WITH "NELL," WINNER OF THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP; (RIGHT) MR. L. J. HUMPHREYS, OF TOWYN, WITH "LAD" AND "TOSS," WINNER OF THE "DOUBLES." English, Scottish, and Welsh shepherds, with some of Britain's finest sheepdogs, competed in Hyde Park, on July 2, in the International Sheep Dog Trials. The wonderful intelligence of the dogs, obeying the shepherd's whistle, was of unusual interest to Londoners, and about 50,000 people watched the competition. Three silver cups were given by the "Daily Express." The National Championship was won by Mr. James M. Wilson, of Moffat, Scotland, and the "Doubles" Championship by Mr. L. J. Humphreys, of Towyn, Wales. The International Championship went to Mr. Tom Roberts, of Corwen, Wales.

A YOUNG WHALE CAUGHT BY ROD AND LINE: AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT MANCHESTER'S ZOO. This illustration shows a keeper in the Belle Vue Zoological Gardens at Manchester holding in his arms a young whale which, it is stated in a note supplied with the photograph, had been caught with rod and line. We understand that the little whale did not long survive capture, and that its body is to be mounted as an exhibition specimen.



A TEAR-GAS PROJECTOR AS A PROTECTIVE WEAPON FOR UNESCORTED GIRLS: AN AMERICAN INVENTION.

This tear-gas device, produced by Federal Laboratories, Pittsburgh, resembles a fountain pen. The top part contains a "trigger" in the form of a little ball, with a spring that strikes the cartridge below. It is said to be effective at a range of 6 ft., covering an area of 4 square feet, and capable of incapacitating two or even three people for over twenty minutes.



THE WEEK'S TREASURE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A VENETIAN GLASS EWER AND BASIN.

The glass ewer and basin here illustrated were made at Murano, near Venice, probably during the second half of the sixteenth century. They formed part of the bequest of Mr. Henry L. Florence, which came to the Museum in 1917. The ewer is 12½ in. high, and the salver 10 in. across.—(Photograph by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.)



GAS-MASKS FOR DOGS IN GERMANY'S DEFENSIVE SCHEME: A GAS-MASKED DOG AND HIS ATTENDANT.



DIOGENEAN DWELLINGS FOR STRANDED AND UNEMPLOYED PROFESSIONAL MEN IN CALIFORNIA: A "CONCRETE PIPE" COLONY, WITH SOME OF ITS OCCUPANTS.

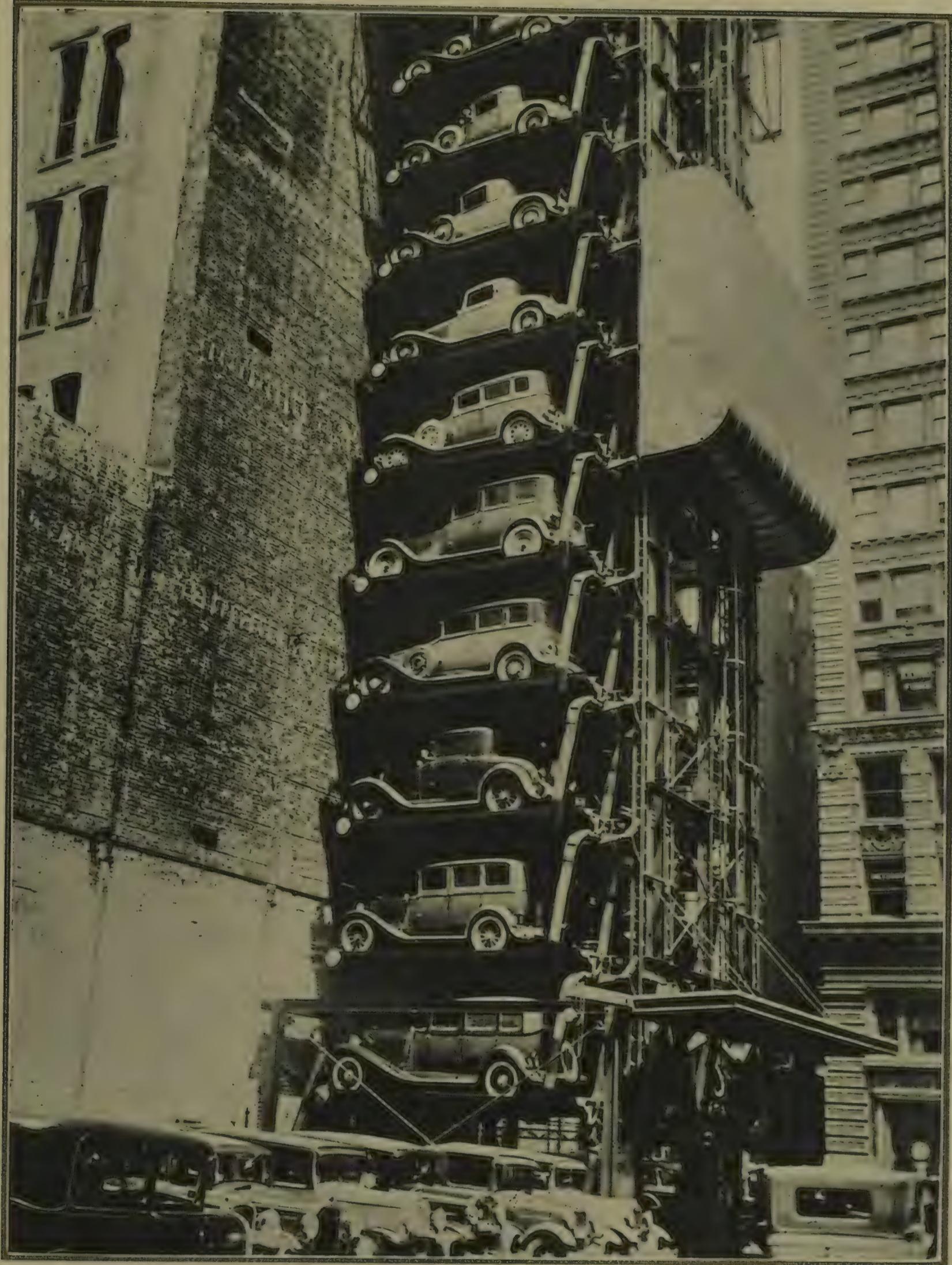
According to a note on this photograph (from Oakland, California), it shows "One of the concrete pipe cities' streets, with several jobless men resting between search for work." They form groups of fifteen or twenty, sharing food and material. Some are scientists, professional or business men, all affected by the prevailing depression. "They do not tolerate any Radical influx." The total number of unemployed in the United States was recently given as over ten million.



GAS-MASKS FOR HORSES IN GERMANY: A HORSE HAVING HIS SPECIAL MASK ADJUSTED BEFORE A "GAS ATTACK."

Elsewhere in this number we illustrate the making of gas-masks in Germany and the training of the population in their use, as a precaution against possible air attack. Three illustrations show a realistic demonstration of anti-gas defences at Charlottenburg. A note supplied with the above two photographs mentions a similar demonstration at Oranienburg, and states that horses, dogs, and pigeons (all of which proved valuable in the war) are also being trained to wear gas-masks.

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: CARS PARKED ONE ABOVE ANOTHER.



MOTOR-CARS IN THE ENDLESS-CHAIN, VERTICAL-PARKING MACHINE; OCCUPYING SPACE WHICH WOULD ACCOMMODATE BUT SIX VEHICLES IF IT WERE USED IN THE ORDINARY WAY: A CONGESTED AREA "GARAGE" IN A CHICAGO STREET.

The parking problem being always with us, unusual interest attaches to the photograph here reproduced, which may well be added to our series under the title "A Symbol of Our Time." Many methods of enabling owners to leave their cars on the roads without causing congestion have been suggested, for it is not always convenient to drive to a garage. Notably, there has been an idea that underground parking-places should be constructed beneath public parks and the like. Our illustration shows an ingenious device in Chicago—an endless-chain, vertical-parking machine. The device, which is a compartmented lift, enables one motor-car to be stacked above another, each

in its own compartment; and it enables forty-eight cars to be parked in a space which, normally, would only take six. Any one of the vehicles, it is claimed, can be delivered to its owner in from ten to fifty-five seconds, according to its position on the chain. The whole affair is 105 feet high. Obviously, it could be erected against any suitable building, and, if that building were also a garage, the endless chain could be used not only as a stacking-place, but to raise cars to the various floors of the garage. Thus, a garage could not only be filled with cars not wanted urgently, but would have the added accommodation for urgently-required cars provided by the endless chain.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



CELEBRATING THE INVENTION OF CHAMPAGNE : A LUNCHEON PARTY GIVEN AT THE ABBEY OF HAUTEVILLE IN HONOUR OF DOM PÉRIGNON.

A distinguished gathering paid honour to the memory of Dom Pérignon, the Benedictine monk who, 250 years ago, discovered the process which has made the sparkling wine of Champagne world-famous. On June 26 the heads of the industry entertained nearly 300 guests at a luncheon party in the monks' walk at the Abbey of Hautevillers. About eighty of the guests had flown over from London for the ceremony, including the Bishop of Guildford and several Members of Parliament.



GUY'S GALA AT BROOKLANDS : THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK INSPECTING THE CARS LINED UP FOR THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S RACE FOR WOMEN DRIVERS.

On July 2 the Duke and Duchess of York were present at the gala and motor races on the Brooklands track organised by the Junior Car Club in aid of Guy's Hospital. The Duchess of York's race for women drivers was won by Miss Ellison, in a Bugatti, who just beat Mrs. Petre in a close finish. Late in the afternoon the Graf Zeppelin flew over Brooklands and dropped, by parachute, a bouquet for the Duchess of York.



SURVIVORS FROM A DISASTER IN WHICH ELEVEN LIVES WERE LOST : MEN RESCUED FROM THE SUNK WINDJAMMER "MELBOURNE."

The Finnish barque "Melbourne" collided with the Anglo-American oil-tanker "Seminole" on July 1, and sank, three minutes after the collision, with the loss of eleven lives. She was one of the racing fleet of nineteen windjammers bringing back grain cargoes from Australia. The disaster occurred in poor visibility off the Fastnet at the southern extremity of Ireland, and the "Seminole," which was undamaged, took the fifteen survivors into Queenstown. Those who lost their lives were all Finns. It is believed that the stem of the "Melbourne" was cut completely off by the impact, for she went down bows first almost immediately. "Those drowned," according to a survivor, "either did not have time to scramble on deck or became entangled in the ship's rigging."



THE FINNISH FOUR-MASTED BARQUE WHICH WAS SUNK AFTER COLLISION WITH AN OIL-TANKER OFF THE FASTNET ROCK : THE "MELBOURNE."



A RECORD PARACHUTE JUMP : RENÉ MACHENAUD BEFORE JUMPING FROM FIVE MILES UP.

Equipped with special breathing apparatus, a young aviator, René Machenaud, set up a new parachute record on June 29 by jumping from an altitude of 25,289 feet, as recorded by the sealed instruments of the aeroplane. The feat was performed near Étampes. Machenaud made a perfect landing twenty-three minutes after leaving the aeroplane.



OPENED BY THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT ON JULY 2 : THE LUXURIOUS AND UP-TO-DATE NEW SWIMMING-POOL ON CLACTON PIER.

A swimming-pool which should add much to the holiday amenities of Clacton was opened officially by Mr. P. J. Pybus on July 2. He spoke of it as being unique in design and a triumph of British engineering skill and efficiency. The pool is 24 ft. above sea-level, and is built entirely of concrete on concrete piles. It is 165 ft. long. An under-water lighting system has been installed.



OPENED BY THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR : THE NEW MUNICIPAL AERODROME AT PORTSMOUTH, ESTABLISHED AT A COST OF £115,000.

On July 2 Sir Philip Sassoon opened Portsmouth's new aerodrome, a carefully planned airport with a harbour on one side and a railway line and a populous city on the other. The opening ceremony was accompanied by a very fine air display, at which about fifty aeroplanes of various types took part. The surface and lay-out were proved to be admirable.

Rarities in Chinese Cloisonné Enamel: Gems of Three Centuries.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SON, 5, KING STREET, S.W.1.



THE GLOWING CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL THRONE OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE EMPEROR. A UNIQUE PIECE FROM THE PLEASURE PALACE AT JEHOL—ITS DRAGON-DECORATED SEAT SUPPORTED BY ELEPHANT-TRUNK FEET.



16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH-CENTURY CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL: AN INCENSE-BURNER IN THE FORM OF A MANDARIN DUCK, THE CHINESE EMBLEM OF CONJUGAL FELICITY; KUANTI, GOD OF LITERATURE AND WAR; AND A SPOTTED DEER, ATTENDANT UPON SHOU LAO, TAOIST GOD OF LONGEVITY.

These very unusual examples of sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century Chinese cloisonné enamel were exhibited recently at Spink's and attracted well-merited attention. The Chinese Emperor's throne is described as follows: "This unique seventeenth-century throne from the Palace at Jehol—that favourite pleasure resort of the Manchu Emperors—is constructed entirely in cloisonné enamel of a brilliance that glows like mediæval stained glass; and is 3 ft. 9 in. wide by 3 ft. 8 in. high. The design on the seat,

which rests on elephant-trunk feet curled inwards, is that of dragons, in lapis-lazuli blue with green manes, moving amidst Imperial yellow clouds on a turquoise-blue ground; whilst the five vertical panels comprising the back of the throne are decorated—in contrast to this Imperial motif—with a pattern of birds amidst flowers and foliage." The other pieces are a sixteenth-century cloisonné enamel incense-burner (7½ in. high); a 17th-century Kuanti (10½ in. high); and an 18th-century spotted deer (6½ in. high).

**Hogarth's
Only Maritime
"Conversation
Piece":
A Long-Secret
Picture Bought for
the Nation
and Now Treasured
in the
Maritime Museum
at Greenwich.**

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES
OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM.

THE remarkable picture here reproduced was shown at the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891. Apart from this, the general public has had little opportunity to see Hogarth's great maritime "Conversation Piece." HIDDEN away in a private residence, it has now been acquired for the Nation and presented to the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum. The principal figure portrayed is Lord George Graham, fourth son of the fourth Marquess and first Duke of Montrose. Born in 1715, he early decided to follow a sea career, and the spirit of adventure inherent from his heroic ancestor, the first Marquess. A Post Captain at the age of twenty-five, he obtained command of a 60-gun ship before he was thirty, and distinguished himself exceedingly in the attack and capture of several privateers and the recovery of prizes made by them. In 1745, in command of the "Bacchus," he captured the same French privateer called the "Bacchus," and received the entire ship's company with the exception of one officer. According to family tradition, it was the capture of the "Bacchus" which induced him to have his sea-portrait painted by Hogarth. The picture, depicting as it does the interior of a Captain's cabin in a man-of-war in the year 1745, is a masterpiece of Hogarth's art. The scene is gorgeously arrayed, sitting at his table awaiting dinner, which is being brought in by his *chef*. All the appointments of the cabin are shown, including the furniture and the fluted pilasters with their gilded zinc capitals. Through the stern windows other ships can be seen; and above them will be noticed what appears to be a coronet, hanging from the beams above. This is the coronet of the Marquess of Montrose, enabling the Captain to check the ship's course without leaving his seat. Lord George is discovered, celebrating in the usual manner. He has invited to his table the Chaplain; and his Secretary, a cheerful round little fellow, is singing a song, while one of the Captain's dogs, dressed in the Captain's wig, sits up on his hind-legs, holding a copy of the *Times* in front of it, and another of the Captain's dogs, oblivious of the duty, barks in discord. Meanwhile, the Captain's body-servant, a black, provides an accompaniment on the pipe and tabor. The Captain, living before the days of uniform, is dressed in a long waistcoat of cloth of gold, a coat of French grey, and a super-clothes or scabbard lined with fur. He wears a velvet smoking-cap and smokes complacently at a pipe about three feet long. The table is set with plates of pewter, resembling those which were recently obtained with very great difficulty for the restoration of H.M.S. "Victory." The deck appears to be covered with a rich carpet; and on this the principal article appears to be a bowl of punch, from which, no doubt, copious portions will be made. The first course of the dinner is to be roast chicken, and, in typically Hogarthian style, the *chef* is seen to be pouring the gravy down the Chaplain's back!



A MAN-OF-WAR'S CAPTAIN IN HIS CABIN IN AN ENGLISH FIGHTING-SHIP OF THE YEAR 1745: LORD GEORGE GRAHAM AWAITS HIS DINNER—WHILE HIS BLACK SERVANT PLAYS, AND A DOG WEARS HIS WIG!



In a Class by Themselves



EVENTS OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST: RECORDS OF MEMORABLE OCCASIONS.



THE FIRST LEGAL NAZI UNIFORMED PARADE IN BAVARIA SINCE 1930: HERR HITLER (IN CAR, LEFT BACKGROUND) TAKING THE SALUTE AT MUNICH.

The Nazis, who recently were permitted to wear uniform again, by a Presidential decree, held on July 3 the largest demonstration ever witnessed in Munich. Over 12,000 men had assembled. Their columns marched for nearly three hours through the streets, which were lined with dense crowds, eager to see the first legal Nazi parade which had taken place since July 1930. Herr Hitler addressed an audience of 30,000 people in the afternoon, in a specially constructed marquee.



AT LAUSANNE: (L. TO R.) COUNT SCHWERIN KROSIGK, BARON VON NEURATH,

MR. MACDONALD, SIR MAURICE HANKEY (STANDING), AND CHANCELLOR VON PAPEN. It was reported on July 5 that, unless any unforeseen hitch occurred, the main agreement at Lausanne would probably be reached the next day, and that the plenary session of the Conference might be expected on July 7. According to one account, Germany had suggested the sum of £100,000,000 as a final "reconstruction" payment of Reparations. The amount proposed by the creditor Powers had been £200,000,000 at par, but some compromise seemed likely.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE "ROUTE NAPOLÉON," COMMEMORATING SCENES OF THE ESCAPE FROM ELBA: A PAGEANT OF HIS ENTRY INTO SISTERON.

To commemorate scenes of Napoleon's escape from Elba there has just been inaugurated what is known as the "Route Napoléon," leading through Provence to Grenoble. This was opened by M. Gourdeau, Under Secretary for Tourism, on July 2. Napoleon disembarked at the Golfe Juan, and, accompanied by a thousand veterans, made his way to Lyons. M. Gourdeau, with the official cortège, followed the same route. The cortège left Cannes early in the morning, and



ONE OF THE BUILDINGS ASSOCIATED WITH NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA: A HOUSE AT SÉRANON WHERE HE IS SAID TO HAVE SLEPT.

travelled to Grasse, Saint-Valier, Séranon, Brondet (where Napoleon is said to have spent a night), and reached Castellane in time for lunch. It was decided, in order to have a permanent memorial of Napoleon's march, to erect at the various points of interest, from Golfe Juan to Lyons, blue sign-posts recording in white lettering a few of the principal historical events. In places there are bas-reliefs with an eagle in flight and a sentence from Napoleon's proclamation.



A CASE THAT AROSE OUT OF THE LINDBERGH BABY TRAGEDY: COLONEL LINDBERGH (CENTRE BACKGROUND) GIVING EVIDENCE DURING THE CURTIS TRIAL.

The trial of Mr. John Hughes Curtis, charged with obstructing the course of justice by giving false information about the kidnapping of the Lindbergh child, to prevent arrest of the culprits, began at Flemington, New Jersey, on June 27, and ended on July 2 with a verdict of "Guilty." Colonel Lindbergh himself gave evidence, describing his many fruitless searches in following up "clues" supplied by Mr. Curtis—Involving over 7000 miles of travel by sea and air.

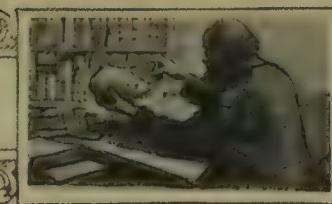


A RUSH ON THE OLD BAILEY TO GAIN ADMISSION FOR MRS. BARNEY'S TRIAL: POLICE IN A SCUFFLE OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE.

The trial of Mrs. Elvira Dolores Barney, charged with the murder of Thomas William Scott Stephen, opened at the Central Criminal Court on Monday, July 4. On the previous day the police had prevented the formation of a queue outside the Court, but some people remained near all night. When permission was given for a queue at 10 a.m. there was a rush of several hundred people, and the police on duty had trouble in restoring order.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PYROSOMA.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

NOT so very long ago, it may be remembered, I had something to say about a killer-whale which it was my good fortune to have to dissect. But I have only recently been able to examine its stomach; and this I did full of curiosity as to what I should find there, for the killer-whale is not only a ferocious but also a voracious beast. This much is clear from the record of a stomach examined by Professor Nilsson many years ago. It contained no fewer than thirteen porpoises and thirteen seals, as well as sundry fragments of fish.

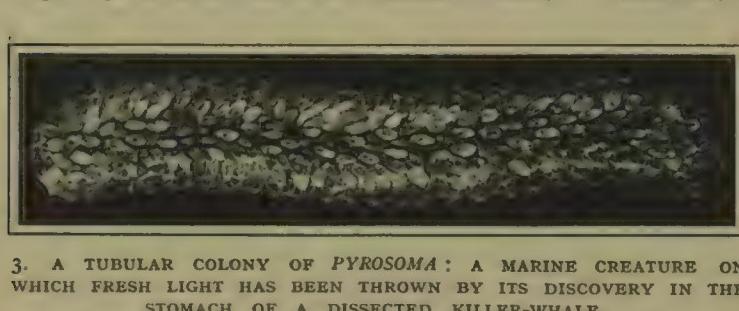
I knew before I opened it that I should find no such evidence of a recent hearty meal in this stomach. But I was surprised at what I did find there, though this was little enough, considering what might have been. In the first place there were pieces of seaweed and beaks of great cuttle-fishes; there were birds' wing-feathers; and last, but not least, there were several pounds' weight of that peculiarly interesting and degenerate vertebrate, *Pyrosoma*. Such remains I was indeed surprised to find here, for, though most of the whale tribe seem to feed upon cuttle-fish whenever they are to be had, I imagined they would be despised by such a mighty hunter. Birds, at any rate, can scarcely be said to form part of its bill of fare, but evidently such as have the ill-fortune to fall into the sea while in migration, and such as gulls, guillemots, and other marine species which venture far enough out from land, evidently have to run the gauntlet.

Even had I been told that the killer would not despise *Pyrosoma*, at least as an occasional "snack,"



I. AN OIKOPLEURA, THE SMALLEST OF THE FREE-SWIMMING TUNICATES: AN ANIMAL, WHICH, LIKE THE REST OF THIS TRIBE, REMAINS IN THE "TADPOLE" STAGE THROUGHOUT ITS LIFE.

The body of *Oikopleura* is more or less globular in form, and the tail is bent down at right angles thereto. *Oikopleura* has a singular habit of contracting around the body a gelatinous test, or "house," so large that the actual body is practically lost in it. But, stranger still, the animal will abruptly, for no apparent reason, leave its house and within a few hours will construct a new one.



3. A TUBULAR COLONY OF PYROSOMA: A MARINE CREATURE ON WHICH FRESH LIGHT HAS BEEN THROWN BY ITS DISCOVERY IN THE STOMACH OF A DISSECTED KILLER-WHALE.

The fact that *Pyrosoma* was found in the killer-whale's stomach shows that the creature is not confined to the warmer parts of the ocean—for the killer was stranded at Alloa, in Scotland. Formerly about 40 deg. N. was given as *Pyrosoma*'s extreme northern limit, with a few exceptions. In the above photograph, each finger-shaped outgrowth on the surface marks the position of a single individual embedded in the common body of the colony.

I should not have expected to find it in this stomach, which was taken from a killer stranded at Alloa. And this because *Pyrosoma* is supposed to be found only in the warmer parts of the ocean, about 40 deg. N. being given as its extreme northern limit, with two exceptions—a single immature individual taken off the West Coast of Ireland, and a few also immature specimens from the North Sea.

Now, what sort of animal is *Pyrosoma*? If seen in the water alive and at sea, it looks like a long rod

with a curiously furry coat. When hauled out of the water this rod is found, in reality, to be a tube, closed at one end. And when more carefully studied, the walls of the tube are found to be made up of a closely packed mass of living "sea-squirts," while the "furry" coat proves to be formed by long finger-like and slender outgrowths from the "test," or outer coat, of these strange bodies. The whole colony is driven along its course by water taken in by the mouth, passed through the breathing apparatus, and expelled into the centre of the tube through the exhalent aperture, whereby waste products are carried away out of the tube. Such tubes may range from a few inches to several feet in length. But there is yet another, and very remarkable, feature about this living tube; for at night it is brilliantly phosphorescent—hence the name "*Pyrosoma*," the "body of fire." It emits, indeed, the most beautiful and the most brilliant light of all luminous creatures, and they are many.

The late Professor Moseley, in his "Notes by a Naturalist on H.M.S. *Challenger*"—the ship that made that famous survey of the seas during the years 1872-76—tells us that *Pyrosoma*, when stimulated by a touch or shake, or swirl of the water, gives out a light globe of bluish light which, as the animal drifts past, several feet beneath the surface, lasts for several seconds, then suddenly goes out. He tells of a specimen, four feet long and ten inches in diameter, which was caught in the trawl. When its surface was touched a spot of light immediately appeared and gradually spread over the whole colony. As it lay on deck in the dark he wrote his name on its side, and immediately it appeared in letters of fire! The source of this phosphorescence is found in small clusters of gland-cells lying just above the gill-bars, and it is suggested that these luminous bodies are really modified white blood-corpuscles.

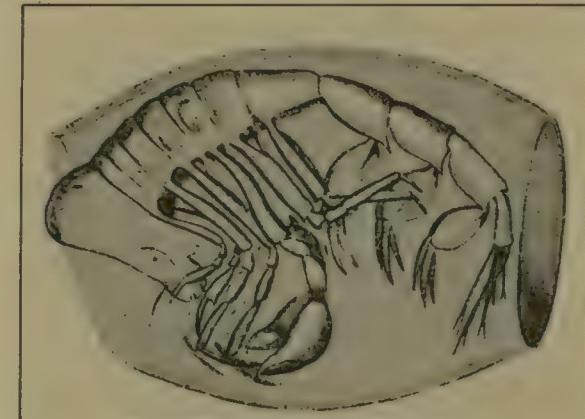
There are two other quite distinct types of these wandering "sea-squirts," or "tunicates," which must find mention here, if only because they are so conspicuously unlike *Pyrosoma* in appearance, inasmuch as they are perfectly translucent. One of these, *Doliolum*, has the appearance of a barrel made of glass. It sometimes has the misfortune to fall a victim to the attack of a strange and equally glass-like crustacean, *Phronima*, which eats out the living tissue and takes up its quarters in the empty shell (Fig. 2), and contrives to navigate this strange craft through the water by means of its swimmerets. In due course it lays eggs, and for some time lives surrounded by its brood. *Pyrosoma* is also victimised in this way.

Salpa is another (Fig. 4) and very beautiful form. It is so transparent as to be almost invisible in the water, but it is betrayed by silvery muscle-bands running transversely across the body, which, by their alternate contraction and expansion, drive through the body a stream of water which, as it leaves the hinder end, forces the body forward. There are several species of *Salpa*, some of which occasionally appear in our own seas, borne on the Gulf Stream. All have a very complicated life-history. That shown in Fig. 4 is known as the asexual form. But when mature there grows out from the hinder end a long columnar shaft which produces a chain of "buds," and these buds, as they mature—the hindmost being the eldest—may produce one or several embryos, which, in due course, become "asexual" *Salpæ*.

The end of this life-story of the "tunicates" is not yet, however. For it must be told that these strange creatures do not all enjoy the freedom of the seas, for by far the greater number of species are sedentary; mere bags, often brilliantly coloured, anchored to the rocks on the sea-floor. These are the so-called "sea-squirts," from the fact that when they are touched they eject a stream of water. But

in the days of their youth—and this is soon over—they, too, are transparent free-swimmers. And at this time they have all the appearance of tadpoles, since they have a short body propelled by a long tail, an eye, a brain, and a nerve cord. By these tokens, and the sequence of their development, we know them to be degenerate vertebrates, the great assemblage to which Man himself belongs.

This early promise of great things, however, soon vanishes. As if possessed by some "inferiority complex" they settle down and anchor themselves by a sucker above the mouth, comparable to the sucker of a frog-tadpole, and thereupon, in a surprisingly short space of time, the tail is partly lost by absorption and partly by breaking up; the eye and the brain disappear, and a new mouth and exhalent aperture appear on one side of what has now become a mere bag. Truly



2. A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF "SELF-HELP"!—THE EMPTY CASE OF DOLIOLUM (A TUNICATE RELATED TO PYROSOMA) OCCUPIED BY THE CRUSTACEAN PHRONIMA, WHICH HAS EATEN ITS HOST "OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME."

Phronima will seize upon *Doliolum*, *Pyrosoma*, or *Salpa* indifferently when seeking a shelter. The living tissue is devoured and the empty shell is then navigated by the marauder's swimming-feet. In due course *Phronima* will produce a brood of young inside the usurped case.

(After Steuer.)

a sad ending to a promising beginning. Whereby we are reminded that evolution does not always mean "progress," as some seem to suppose this term implies.

Finally there is a group which presents a sort of intermediate stage between, say, *Salpa* and a "sea-squirt." These are the "Appendicularians," which live in the open ocean. Though not more than 5 mm. in length, they have a clumsy, almost globular body, which is driven through the water by a long tail hanging downwards. For some unexplained reason they will develop a relatively great, gelatinous, spherical envelope investing the whole body, and then suddenly discard it. It has been possible to do no more than trace the bare outlines of the story of this, one of the strangest groups in the animal



4. SALPA FUSIFORMIS, AN INTERESTING MEMBER OF THE SAME SUB-PHYLUM, THE TUNICATES, AS PYROSOMA, SEEN IN FIG. 3: A TRANSPARENT ASEXUAL FORM OF THIS ANIMAL, WHICH HAS A CURIOUS LIFE-HISTORY.

When the asexual form seen here reaches maturity, it produces a long chain of buds, which, in due course, produce embryos giving rise to the asexual form.

(After Murray.)

kingdom, but it should give a new interest to the "sea-squirts" which so many will find in rock-pools during the summer holidays.

KING CAROL BEFORE THE DEMONSTRATORS: SUNDAY'S SCENE IN BUCHAREST.



THE KING OF RUMANIA FACING HIS PEOPLE: HIS MAJESTY MAKING HIS DRAMATIC APPEARANCE ON THE BALCONY OF HIS PALACE.

As we write, there are two explanations of the incident here illustrated. A Bucharest message to the "Daily Telegraph," dated July 4, said that on the Sunday evening King Carol had witnessed some brisk fighting beneath the balcony of the royal palace. It added that members of Marshal Avarescu's People's Party had arranged to gather before the building to demonstrate their loyalty to the King in view of the coming elections; that large numbers of the National Peasants' Party, hearing of this proposal, arrived beforehand, and for the same purpose; that, on meeting, the rivals came to blows; and that, at last, King Carol was compelled to give orders from the balcony for the Royal Guards to separate the combatants. The other story,

sent from Vienna to the "Daily Express," stated that a hostile demonstration, "organised by Marshal Avarescu, an implacable enemy of the King," took place outside the Palace, and that the Marshal had dared King Carol to show himself to the massed meeting of protest. As the uproar outside the Palace was at its height, this report affirmed, a window which looks out on to the Palace balcony was thrown open, and King Carol walked out, accepting the Marshal's challenge. Then, it said, Rumanian farmers, who had come up from the country in order to see both Bucharest and the King, surged into the demonstrating crowd and hit out wildly right and left, to demonstrate their loyalty.

NATURE IN HER AWFUL MAJESTY: THE COMING OF THE FATEFUL MONSOON.



DAWN OVER THE HOOGHLY, AT CALCUTTA, JUST BEFORE THE SETTING-IN OF INDIA'S RAINY SEASON: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A MEMORABLE SPECTACLE.

"In India (we quote the 'Britannica') the term 'monsoon' is specially used for the rain which falls during June to September with the onset of the south-west winds; hence a good monsoon means sufficient rainfall as contrasted with a deficiency for a bad monsoon. The total amount of rainfall bears little definite relation to the strength of the winds. . . . The primary

cause (of the monsoon) is the difference of temperature over land and sea, and the south-west wind is a diverted south-east wind from the south of the Indian Ocean which after some 4000 miles' journey is highly charged with water vapour and on reaching the north of India is caught in the box-like arrangement of the mountains. It is forced to rise and heavy rain results."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH:
F. S. COVINGTON; CAPTAIN OF HARROW.

Harrow have not been victorious in the Eton and Harrow match since 1908. Last year's match, it will be recalled, resulted in a smashing victory for Eton. They declared their innings closed at 431 for five wickets; and then got Harrow out for 245 and 170—Harrow having to follow on.



CAPT. BERTRAM AND HERR CLAUSEMANN
THE GERMAN AIRMEN RESCUED IN AUSTRALIA.

Capt. Hans Bertram and Herr Clausemann, the German airmen who had been lost in the Australian bush since May 15, were found, starving and fever-stricken, on July 4. They were making a trade propaganda flight to the Far East, Australia, and New Guinea. They had run short of fuel on the North Australian coast.



MR. JOHN GARNER, DEMOCRAT CANDIDATE
FOR THE U.S. VICE-PRESIDENCY.

Mr. John Garner, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, was chosen as the Party's candidate for the Vice-Presidency by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago on July 3. A portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, nominated for the Presidency, appears on Our Note-book page.



DON CARLOS DAVILA; THE LEADER OF THE MODERATE CHILEAN JUNTA, A FORMER AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

As the result of a naval and military counter-revolution which began on June 16, the Junta headed by Col. Grove was overthrown and a new Junta set up under the Presidency of Don Carlos Davila. Señor Davila was a member of the former Junta, but resigned soon after the seizure of the Central Bank. It is stated that his Junta is moderately Socialist.



THE COMTESSE DE MARTEL.

Famous French author, under the name of "Gyp." Died recently at the age of eighty-two. Wrote "Mlle. Eve," "Le Mariage de Chiffon," "Petit Bob." She was a brilliant caricaturist, under the signature of "Bob."



SIR BRUCE GORDON SETON.

Died July 3; aged sixty-three. Late of the I.M.S. Succeeded, as ninth baronet of Abercorn, in 1915. Claimed, unsuccessfully, the right to the barony of Gordon, 1923. An authority on Scottish history.



COL. CHARLES KERR.

Elected M.P. (National Liberal) for the Montrose Burghs in the by-election following the elevation of Sir Robert Hutchison to the Peerage. Col. Kerr secured a majority of 933 over Mr. Tom Kennedy, the Socialist.



MR. HAROLD BUTLER.

Deputy Director of the International Labour Office. Appointed Director in succession to M. Albert Thomas; July 1. Was Assistant Secretary to the Labour Section of the British delegation at Versailles.



THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH:

N. E. W. BAKER; THE ETON CAPTAIN.

The Eton and Harrow match, which was arranged for yesterday and to-day (July 9), is the 103rd of the series, of which Eton have won 42—and Harrow have won 35; 25 being drawn. The Eton captain recently strained his arm, and did not play against Zingari on July 2.



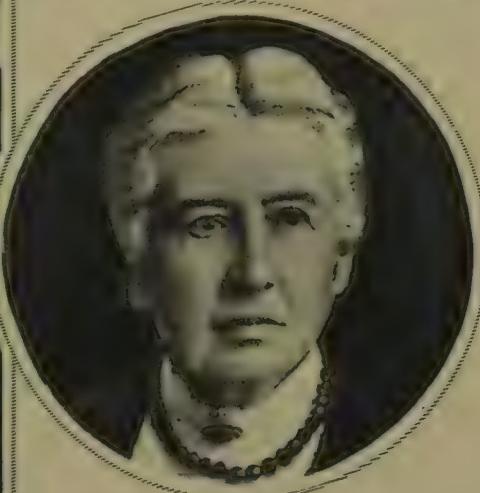
THE LATE LORD DUDLEY AND HIS SUCCESSOR,
VISCOUNT EDNAM.

The Earl of Dudley died on June 29, at the age of sixty-five. He was a former Viceroy of Ireland (1902–1905) and a Governor-General of Australia (1908–1911). He was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade in 1895. In the early years of the war he commanded the Worcestershire Yeomanry.



THE HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE: MISS ALICE WARRENDER (LEFT) MAKING THE PRESENTATION TO MISS KATE O'BRIEN; WITH MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY.

The Hawthornden Prize was presented at the Aeolian Hall, on June 29, to Miss Kate O'Brien for her novel, "Without My Cloak." Mr. J. B. Priestley, who presided, said that Miss O'Brien had produced a large volume full of beautifully modulated and sensitive prose. The presentation was made by Miss A. Warrender, the donor of the prize. "Without My Cloak" gained the James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize in 1931.



THE LATE MISS PENELOPE LAWRENCE:
A FOUNDER OF ROEDAN SCHOOL.

Miss Penelope Lawrence died on July 3; aged seventy-five. With her two sisters, she founded the famous girls' school at Roedean, near Brighton, in 1885; and afterwards she promoted a company for the provision of new buildings. She was a lecturer at Newnham College, Cambridge, from 1878 to 1880.



FIG. 1. AN EARLY HYKSOS GOLD PENDANT OF 2300 B.C.: A FALCON WITH OUTSPREAD WINGS IN RARE GRANULAR WORK.

four miles south of modern Gaza, and a capital city in the Copper Age, in the time of the Canaanites, and under the Shepherd Kings. The last two articles on the subject, contributed by Sir Flinders Petrie, appeared respectively in our issues of May 14, 1932, and



FIG. 3. PART OF "A DEPOSIT OF ACCURSED POSSESSIONS," AKIN TO "THE ACCURSED THING" IN THE STORY OF ACHAN: GOLD AND SILVER ORNAMENTS OF 2300 B.C., FOUND BURNT AND BROKEN.

June 20, 1931. We should like to draw special attention to the fact (noted also by Lady Petrie) that a free exhibition of the interesting finds at Gaza, including those here illustrated, is to be held at University College, Gower Street, from July 11 to August 6. Lady Petrie, it may be added, has acted in many capacities in Sir Flinders Petrie's excavations in Egypt, Sinai, or Palestine since 1897—as draughtsman, or chief assistant, or a reis of workmen, student, paymaster, or what not. Her efforts are not confined to the field, as at University College the School requires organising, and the whole of the funds have to be discovered for each season's digging. "Donations of one or more guineas," she writes, "seem so scarce this year, that it is hoped to find a few people interested in Biblical researches who will give £100 each, one week's excavation wages; and an appeal is also made to all who can spare 2s. 6d. to maintain a man and a boy for one day on the digging."

CAPITAL city through many ages, Gaza claims our interest, as it becomes revealed by pick and hoe, layer after layer and acre after acre. The tell is a low-lying hill, with nothing spectacular about it. Parts of it are of a poor earth soil, subject to the clumsy wooden plough drawn by a camel and guided by a Bedawy. Parts of it are under loose sand, from which a few wind-blown fig-trees emerge. It is surrounded by sand-dunes towards the blue Mediterranean, and tilled flats inland. The arid river-bed of the Wady Ghazze lies below its cliff edge, dry mostly, and only

"THE ACCURSED THING" OF ACHAN ANTICIPATED AT GAZA:

BURNT AND BROKEN TREASURES IN AN "ACCURSED DEPOSIT" AT ANCIENT GAZA: INTERESTING NEW FINDS AT TELL EL AJJUL TO BE EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

By LADY (FLINDERS) PETRIE, Assistant at Gaza in the British School of Egyptian Archaeology.

In the following article Lady Petrie continues the story of Sir Flinders Petrie's discoveries at Tell el Ajjul, the site of ancient Gaza,

for a few days in torrent. A dullish hill, yet remains of the old historic ages lie buried a few feet under the half-tilled soil. Beneath the sown there linger five levels of the great old palaces, described and illustrated on May 14 last in this journal.

How the people of the Copper Age lived there in 3500 B.C. we do not yet know. Perhaps no building knew them and their tents have rotted. It is little enough that would survive of their successors, the present Bedawy inhabitants, as wood and goat-skin perish. In the plain below the tell we did, after much searching, succeed in finding fifty of their graves, very small chambers reached by a shallow shaft. Twenty or more of these contained a weapon apiece—a copper dagger, ribbed and riveted; also a large flat-based drab pot with ledge handle, placed for the purpose of a drink-offering.

In the plain some way east there lay buried, all by itself, a deposit of accursed possessions, blackened and wrecked, as in the story of Achan, but dating from a thousand years earlier. Achan coveted 200 shekels of silver and a wedge of gold, wrought folly in Israel, and brought defeat on them, and they stoned him in the Valley of Achor, and he and all that he had—silver and garment and gold, his children and cattle and tent—were burnt with fire (Joshua, vii.). In like manner, the group of objects which we found seemed all to have suffered from some inexorable vengeance, as if in expiation of an offence. The deposit comprised some tripod stands of basalt, smashed, one of which, with capital to its central column, is figured here (Fig. 5); gold-work and silver-work, torn in shreds and burnt (Fig. 3); also some ivory draughtsmen, burnt, and copper, broken (Fig. 4). They belonged to about 2300 B.C.

Of the same age, that of the Shepherd Kings, there was found in the city on the hill a pendant of that granular gold-work of which only a dozen examples are known. It was in the form of a spread falcon (Fig. 1). This valuable was evidently lost by some Hyksos lady, and it was only recovered by us 4000 years later. It greatly resembles the ornament found, in the same manner, the previous season in the southern border of the town, but is of rarer and more delicate workmanship.

There were many other objects scattered in the ground which we excavated, and of all of these the levels were taken, and they are figured in the plates of the forthcoming volume. There were objects of worked bone, many beads, glass of the XVIIIth Dynasty, 150 scarabs of Hyksos and later period. Of bronze there were mirrors, toggle-pins, arrowheads, bracelets, rings, a cattle-brand, a sheep-bell, daggers, and an Egyptian axe and razor. Decorated pottery was largely brought in by importation from Anatolia, Cilicia, Syria, Cyprus, and many another land, and we found hundreds of painted potsherds which still defy experts as to their provenance.

In the courtyard of the palace of late Hyksos date, 1900 B.C., stood a square tower, and deep in its midst lay a group of valuables placed carefully upon a bedding of rough stones. It was not a burial



FIG. 2. IRISH JEWELLERY AT GAZA 3400 YEARS AGO? TORQUE EAR-RINGS THAT "SEEM TO HAIL FROM IRELAND." (1500 B.C.)

group, nor was it loot; it was probably a ceremonial offering—ten massive gold armlets, some gold ear-rings and toggle-pins. The armlets are variously flattened, have several rows of lines engraved as a finish, and are marked to show what the sequence of them is in the wearing. This strange deposit, lying central and overlooked by the great palace, remained



FIG. 4. ALSO PART OF THE "ACCURSED" DEPOSIT, RECALLING ACHAN'S FATAL TREASURE DESCRIBED IN THE BOOK OF JOSHUA: IVORY DRAUGHTSMEN AND COPPER-WORK FOUND BURNT AND SMASHED. (2300 B.C.)

intact while cared for and still known; in the next age, when the Hyksos had passed away, it remained intact for the contrary reason. No one could have supposed that such a treasure lay buried deep in the half-ruined brick tower which fell into disuse, but was never removed. The deposit escaped notice, and so it survived to this day.

At a later date, 1500 B.C., to which the uppermost and last of the palaces belonged, there was employment of gold among the Canaanites of the time for tasseled ear-rings, for toggle-pins, and for double-horn pendants. The most striking jewellery of this age is a remarkable pair of ear-rings (Fig. 2), which seem to hail from Ireland. The material for them was a gold rod of cross-section [x] which was twisted spirally until the fabric assumed a torque-like appearance. This mode of manufacture is only known in north-west Europe, and as we, conversely, know of Mediterranean patterns in Ireland, we must suppose return of traffic eastward to have taken place. With these ornaments, a carnelian necklace with gold pendants was found.

Daggers and pottery, the fateful group of demolished objects, the decorated ware, the treasure of gold-work, and the imported ear-rings from Ireland may all be seen during the next four weeks—July 11 to August 6 (hours, 10-5)—at Sir Flinders Petrie's Annual Exhibition at University College, Gower Street. Admission is free, without ticket. In the autumn, work will be resumed on the earliest palace of Gaza, if donations are forthcoming, and search will be made for the temple site.



FIG. 5. ANOTHER ITEM IN THE "ACCURSED" DEPOSIT AT GAZA DATING FROM 2300 B.C., A THOUSAND YEARS EARLIER THAN THE TIME OF ACHAN: A BASALT TRIPOD STAND, WHICH HAD BEEN SMASHED IN PIECES (HERE SHOWN RESTORED).

A NEW TYPE OF RENDEZVOUS FOR THE MOTORIST

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS

ROUND ABOUT LONDON: THE COUNTRY-HOUSE HOTEL.



HOTELS COMBINING MODERN AMENITIES AND AMUSEMENTS WITH THE ASSOCIATIONS OF A

There are thousands of motorists living in or around London who ask themselves the question every fine week-end—"Where shall we go to-day?" To many it ends in the usual "crawl" down congested main roads to the coast, with all the driving strain that such a journey is apt to entail. The restful charm of the country in various districts round the Metropolis is too often neglected, simply because the average motorist has not yet

learned that, nestling amidst the beautiful scenery of the home counties, is to be found many a pleasant rendezvous that will welcome him and provide healthy amusement, good food, and accommodation at moderate cost. The coming of the country-house hotel, and the road-houses of the type illustrated on these pages, corresponds in a way to the vogue of the country club in America. The motorist who is in search of a stopping-

HISTORIC MANSION: ATTRACTIVE "PULL-UPS" FOR THE MOTORIST IN THE HOME COUNTIES.

place, whether for an hour, a week-end, or a longer holiday, is in many cases not only provided with all the latest amenities in the matter of accommodation, and with facilities for every form of outdoor sport or indoor amusement, but at the same time can sojourn in a mansion rich with historic associations. A good deal of criticism has been directed at the way in which some of our country hotels are managed, but it is a

well-known fact that, whereas the guests who are satisfied do not talk and rarely praise, the disappointed or disgruntled visitor quickly broadcasts his grievances, and thus it is that many efficient hotel-keepers of our country may suffer for the delinquencies of a few. Our picture gives a comprehensive idea of the extent to which proprietors of mansion hotels and road-houses round London lay themselves out to please their guests.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE ART OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

I MEET quite a lot of people who will quarrel with the title of this article. Some will assert that there exists nothing to-day which can justly be called "art": others that yesterday's contributions to artistic history are already dead and ought to be buried. One man, I remember, expressed the fervent hope that the contents of the two modern rooms at the French Exhibition would go up in flames before the end of that astonishing show: another wondered why so much valuable space was devoted to what he was pleased to call dreary Primitives and superficial Fragonards. At the same time, I happened to meet that prince of collectors, Dr. Reber, of Lausanne, whose bronzes from Luristan have figured in these pages, and whose interests range from archaic Greek sculpture to modern French painting. His contribution to the exhibition consisted of Primitives and two superb canvases by Cézanne; in other words, art in his eyes has no boundaries either of time or space, but depends upon its spiritual content and those indefinable attributes we vaguely call "quality."

Such a point of view has, of course, inspired cultured collectors of every country ever since Lorenzo de' Medici not only collected Greek coins and Greek statuary, but patronised every living artist in Florence; and even our own eighteenth-century grandees who visited Italy and brought back with them many copies and not a few genuine masterpieces did not despise the genius of a Gainsborough on their return. It almost seems as if the purely antiquarian interest in the past, which forces a man to turn a blind eye on everything that has not the patina of age upon it, is merely the legacy of the nineteenth century, when—speaking generally—art was something divorced from life, a plaything for the well-to-do, a means of social advancement—anything but what it really is, a living

vital force capable of making every house and every city both comely and efficient. Happily, our acquaintances who are such fanatic admirers of the past to the exclusion of the present are not wholly consistent: they have been known to install bath-rooms, for example, in their eighteenth-century houses, and they do not despise the manifold benefits of electricity even if their wireless cabinet is a laborious imitation of what Chippendale might have designed. None the less,

to them art is static, frozen in ancient moulds, a sacrosanct mystery which must not be profaned by impious modern hands: how they would have looked

as love for the past, with this additional difficulty, that, whereas time and the judgment of generations have sifted out the good from the bad in what has come down to us (the National Gallery collection, for example, is the result of the critical labours of a century and more), we have no such convenient yardstick for measuring the achievements of our contemporaries. Every artist of outstanding ability soon produces hosts of imitators, who fasten upon his mannerisms and miss his spirit, and sometimes the lesser people achieve a temporary success because we are all especially fallible in coming to a conclusion about our own times. (The same phenomenon is, of course, a commonplace in the realm of literature.) This brings me—at long last—to the illustrations that accompany this article. I have been informed more than once that Mr. Richard Sickert will be recognised as the one painter of genius of our age—and by others that he will scarcely be remembered in fifty years' time. "Genius" is a solemn word and one not lightly to be used, and he is a bold man who will try to put into words just where and how genius becomes talent and *vice versa*—and who am I to set myself up in the seat of judgment?

What does seem quite certain, however, is that, of all our modern artists, Sickert is at once the most uncannily accomplished and in many ways the most profound. It is doubtful if he will ever be popular; he has all sorts of tricks, but not the showman's tricks: he has even limitations, a statement his admirers will not admit for a moment. He can achieve an inspired lyricism upon occasion, notably in those early paintings of Dieppe and the graver and more recent work at Bath: one remembers with extraordinary pleasure a powerful study of Mr. Churchill which occupied a page of *The Illustrated London News* some years ago. Yet, for the most part, one is faced by what appears to an outsider a profound nostalgia, an underlying disillusionment, which, at one period at any rate, drove him to the subfusc tones, both literal and spiritual, of back bed-rooms in Camden Town—

(Continued on page 72.)



SICKERT AS AN ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMAN: "LONDRA BENEDETTA, NO. 1; ESSEX ROAD," ONE OF THE DRAWINGS IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, WHICH IS REMARKABLE FOR THE VARIETY OF THE SUBJECTS SHOWN.

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Leicester Galleries.

down their noses at the builders of York Minster, had they been alive then; at the new-fangled intricacy of the Henry VII. Chapel at Westminster, so different from the rest of the building; at the canvases of Rembrandt, that rebellious genius!

One could fill this page with similar horrifying possibilities. Their conversion is not always very tactfully attempted by those who have less respect for tradition: admiration for the present can be as intemperate



A PAGE FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF AN "OLD MASTER OF THE FUTURE": "TELLING THE TALE"; BY RICHARD SICKERT, A.R.A.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO HOLDERS OF £5 PER CENT. WAR LOAN, 1929-1947.

THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY having given notice in the *London Gazette* of the 30th June, 1932, of their intention to redeem the £5 per Cent. War Loan, 1929-1947, at par on the 1st December, 1932, and having declared that Part III. of the Finance [No. 2] Act, 1931, shall come into operation, authorise THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND and THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF IRELAND to make the following Announcement.

Holders who so desire may have their holdings in the Loan continued after the 1st December, 1932, subject to all the existing terms, conditions and incidents of the Loan with the following modifications, as specified in the Notice in the *London Gazette*, which will take effect as from the 1st December, 1932:—

(a) The rate of interest will be reduced to £3 10s. per Cent. per annum.

(b) The Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury reserve to themselves the right, on giving three calendar months' notice of each operation in the *London Gazette*, to redeem the Loan, at par, either by a single operation or by successive operations, on the 1st December, 1952, or at any time or times thereafter.

(c) The right to tender Stock and Bonds of the Loan to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in satisfaction of amounts due on account of Death Duties will lapse.

(d) The undertaking to set aside a sum monthly to form a fund for the purchase of Stock or Bonds of the Loan for the purpose of providing against depreciation will cease to have effect and the balance of the fund will cease to be applicable for the said purpose.

(e) The name of the Loan will be changed to £3 10s. per Cent. War Loan.

Dividends on inscribed and registered Stock of the Loan will continue to be paid without deduction of Income Tax, but the income derived from such dividends will be assessable to Income Tax in the hands of the recipients.

The exemptions from United Kingdom taxation which now attach to holdings of the Loan by persons

neither domiciled nor ordinarily resident (or in the case of Income Tax, not ordinarily resident) in the United Kingdom will continue in force.

The principal and interest of the Loan are and will remain a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

At any time up to and including the 30th September, 1932, holders may notify the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland, respectively, in the prescribed manner, of their desire to continue their holdings in the Loan. Those who give due notification on or before the 31st July, 1932,* will receive a Cash Bonus at the rate of £1 per £100 nominal of the amount of their holdings. Those who give notification after the 31st July* will not receive this Cash Bonus.

Holders who wish to have their holdings redeemed in cash on the 1st December, 1932, must notify the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland respectively, in the prescribed manner, not later than the 30th September, 1932.

* Reasonable extension of time will be allowed in any case where it is shown to the satisfaction of the Bank that the delay in giving due notification was due solely to the permanent or temporary absence from the United Kingdom (or the Irish Free State, as the case may be) of the holder or, in the case of a joint account, of one or more of the necessary signatories.

Holders who have not notified in the prescribed manner, on or before the 30th September, 1932, their desire to have their holdings either continued in the Loan or redeemed in cash, will, in accordance with the provisions of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1931, be deemed to have accepted the offer to continue their holdings in the Loan, subject to the conditions set out above. No cash bonus will be payable in respect of such holdings.

In the case of inscribed and registered holdings of the £5 per Cent. War Loan, 1929-1947, which are to be redeemed, the Books of the Loan will be closed on the evening of the 30th September, 1932, and such holdings will cease to be transferable at the close of business on that date.

Commission at the under-mentioned rates will be paid to Bankers, Stockbrokers, and Solicitors or Scottish Law Agents on continued holdings if the

Forms of Request for Continuance lodged with the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland bear their stamp:—

If notified not later than the 31st July, 1932:—
5s. per £100 nominal.

If notified after the 31st July, 1932, but not later than the 30th September, 1932:—2s. 6d. per £100 nominal.

INSCRIBED AND REGISTERED STOCK.—An Explanatory Note containing directions and the relevant forms are being sent to all Stockholders whose holdings are inscribed or registered in the Books of the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland at the date of this Announcement. (In the case of Joint Accounts the forms are being sent only to the holder whose name stands first in the account.)

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Copies of this Announcement; of the Explanatory Note issued to Stockholders by the Bank of England; and of the relevant forms, may be obtained from the Bank of England, Head Office and Branches; from the Government Brokers; and from any Banking Office and Stock Exchange in Great Britain. Copies of this Announcement and of the documents relating to holdings in the books of the Bank of Ireland, in Dublin or Belfast respectively, may be obtained from the Head Office and Branches of the Bank of Ireland, and from any Banking Office and Stock Exchange in the Irish Free State or Northern Ireland as the case may be.

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BANK OF ENGLAND,
30th June, 1932.

THE WORLD OF ART: A POUSSIN DISCOVERED; AND NOTABLE WORKS NOW ON EXHIBITION.



"VIEW ON THE BRENTA"—BY BERNARDO BELLOTTO (1720-1780): A BAROQUE LANDSCAPE RECALLING MAGNASCO, AND TO BE COMPARED WITH WORKS BY ANTONIO CANALETTO.

The two works here illustrated are to be seen in an exceedingly interesting exhibition of paintings by Venetian artists of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries which is now being held at the galleries of Messrs. Tomas Harris, 29, Bruton Street, W.I. The "Times" art critic was referring to them when he wrote: "The styles of Canaletto and Bellotto are effectively compared in two large Venetian

[Continued on right.]



"SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE; WITH A VIEW OF THE RIVA"—BY ANTONIO CANALETTO (1697-1768): A PICTURE WHICH MAY BE STUDIED IN COMPANY WITH THE WORK BY BELLOTTO.

views by the former, and a Baroque landscape—recalling Magnasco, indeed—"View on the Brenta," by the latter." The Bellotto measures 19½ by 32½ inches; the Canaletto, 65 by 52 inches.



"SHIPPING IN A STORMY SEA"—BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793): A STUDY WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH THAT IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CASTELLO SFORZESCO, MILAN.

This, also, is in the exhibition at Messrs. Tomas Harris's. A catalogue note suggests that it is interesting to compare this study and the kindred study shown with it with the one in the Museum of the Castello Sforzesco, in Milan, and with that in the collection of the late Sir William van Horne, Montreal. The size of the work is 7½ inches by 9½ inches.



A POUSSIN DISCOVERED BEHIND PANELLING IN A SMALL CHÂTEAU AT CAPE GRIS NEZ: "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"—PRONOUNCED AUTHENTIC.

This work by Nicolas Poussin, the authenticity of which is vouched for by M. Carrière-Belleuse, was found recently behind panelling in a small château at Cape Gris Nez. It measures 50 by 40 inches, and was painted in 1633, in Rome. There are several replicas of it: two of them, painted in the same year, are in the Louvre and the Dresden Gallery.



BY RYSBRACK—"THE BOSWELL OF PLASTIC ART": A TERRACOTTA OF POPE.

These three works are in the important exhibition of portrait busts by John Michael Rysbrack which was opened the other day by Messrs. Spink and Sons, 5, King Street, S.W.1, and is continuing until July 23. Rysbrack, who was born in Antwerp, in 1693, and died in London in 1770, won his greatest renown in England; Vertue noted: "Oct., 1720. Came into England Mr. Michael Rysbrack." Writing in the "Telegraph," Mr. Tatlock had it: "Rysbrack was



ANOTHER TYPICAL WORK BY JOHN MICHAEL RYSBRACK: A TERRACOTTA OF MILTON.



RYSBRACK'S LOCKE: A WORK SCULPTED FOR SIR EDWARD LITTLETON.

the Boswell of plastic art, by which I mean that he was a quiet, unconscious stylist, sedulously seeking contact with the great and ever, willing to efface himself as an artist so as to direct our attention to his distinguished sitters. If a ray of the limelight he directed upon the countenances of Pope or Locke or Shakespeare fell upon himself, he was more than grateful." The terracotta models now for the first time exhibited were executed for Sir Edward Littleton, of Pillaton Hall.

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Where to Go. destroys once and for all the legend that there is "nothing to do" in this country after June, and that a quick exodus to the Continent is the happiest solution. We have, in fact, discovered the "road habit," or, rather, a band of enterprising people seized the psychological moment to exploit for our pleasure the delights that the English countryside can offer. Their success has been instant and well deserved. Within a radius of fifty miles round London, beautiful old country houses, many of them historic mansions, have been changed into modern hotels without losing their unique personality in the process. There, visitors can enjoy to the full, under ideal conditions, the varied delights of English country life. Golf, tennis, shooting, riding—the diversions are endless, and the habit of week-ending with friends in a country-house hotel has become an integral part of this season's summer



AN IDEAL CAR FOR A "FIFTY MILES ROUND LONDON" TRIP: THE AUSTIN "TWELVE-SIX" "HARLEY" SALOON.

programme. Nearer to London, swimming-pools and "road houses" have sprung up everywhere, and it is the fashion to give private parties where dancing and bathing are rival attractions. On a hot summer's evening, an hour's run in the car, with the prospect of a bathe and a good dinner in lovely surroundings, is a perfect way of enjoying life. This "country-house hotel" and road-house movement deserves every encouragement, for it is a real step towards attracting visitors to our shores in increasing numbers. On the preceding pages is a pictorial map giving an idea where some of the most attractive of these places are to be found and the routes to follow. On this page are a few details of what the passing motorist and the week-end visitor may expect to find. The charges are in all cases moderate.

North of London. The roads to Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, to the north and north-east of Hyde Park Corner, are not nearly so well known to the average motorist as those of the south. There are, however, many beautiful spots to be found in these two counties. The main road from the Marble Arch to St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, leads to the charming old village of Radlett, where the main road is still known as the Old Roman Watling Street. At Radlett is a fine old Georgian house which is now Aldenham Lodge Hotel. It has been enlarged and equipped with every modern comfort, and a new hall has been added with a spring floor for dances, badminton, private parties, etc. The cuisine is excellent, and all fruit and vegetables are obtained from the hotel gardens. Non-residents may lunch in the delightful Verandah Restaurant. On the Watford by-pass, only twelve miles from London, the "Spider's Web" is well worth a visit. Here, in addition to a beautiful swimming-pool and a nine-hole golf-course, there is a really fine ball-room, of which the decorations are carried out in a most original style. A speciality of this attractive road-house is the "Spider" cocktail. Fred Bretherton's band from the "Gargoyle" Club plays every night. Further on, the Chalfont Park Hotel, adjoining the Gerrard's Cross golf-course, is an ideal centre for an active week-end in beautiful surroundings. The hotel is an eighteenth-century house standing in 300 acres of ground, through which flows the picturesque River Misbourne, ending up in a lake in front of the house. In the grounds are an old Italian garden designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, a private nine-hole golf-course, hard and grass tennis courts, squash racquets,

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a putting green, etc. The ball-room accommodates a hundred and fifty dancers, and there is ample garage and stabling room. The Bell House, at Beaconsfield, eighteen miles from London, is a holiday resort in miniature. There is bathing, dancing, tennis courts, and a general air of gaiety. The car-park is free, and the meals can be as formal or informal as you please, from a dinner as elaborate as that in a first-class London hotel to a bacon-and-egg supper after 9 p.m.

Motoring on the Great West Road. At Egham, reached by the Great West Road, there is a famous sixteenth-century house, once the home of Queen Elizabeth and now known to all motorists as Great Fosters. Here is an excellent place to take a party to dine, not too far away from London, and music, dancing, and a good dinner are assured. For a holiday it is also ideal, and golf, riding, swimming and tennis are available for residents. In the Slough and Maidenhead direction, the Thames is at her loveliest at Bray, where the Hotel de Paris has lawns sweeping down to the river, a bathing *plage*, tennis courts, a cocktail-bar, and other attractions. A unique feature is an outside dance floor, beneath the shady branches of a gnarled old chestnut-tree. In the vicinity of Slough is the Stoke Court Residential Club, where are to be found all facilities for sport, amusement, and entertainment at a reasonable cost. It is a Tudor house with many historical associations, being the original home of the poet Gray and, later, that of the Penn family. Now there are dances each Saturday night, and every comfort is assured. Private suites are available, and there is every facility for swimming, tennis, squash rackets, bridge, and croquet. Baylis House Hotel, in the same district, is an old house designed by Christopher Wren in the reign of Queen Anne in 1695. Inside, the seventeenth-century fireplaces are, in more than one instance, the original ones with iron grates. As the house was originally built for Dr. Godolphin, who was a Provost of Eton, the crest of a dolphin appears frequently in the house and grounds. King George III. used to stay there as a guest of the Earl of Rosslyn. Now, although the appearance is practically unchanged, there is every modern comfort and grass and hard tennis courts, while less than a mile away is the famous golf-course at Stoke Poges.

To the South West On the Kingston by-pass, the famous Ace of Spades garage and road-house has become a rendezvous of well-known society and stage stars. Not only have the garage and restaurant an all-night service open to everyone, but there is now, in association with the road-house, the Ace of Spades Club, of which full particulars of membership may be obtained from the Secretary. Members have the use of a beautiful swimming-pool that enjoys the distinction of being filled with specially warmed water. There is dancing and midnight bathing to the strains of an excellent band. On the Great West Road



DAYS WHEN THE "SUNSHINE" SALOON COMES INTO ITS OWN: ON THE ROAD WITH A GOLDEN CROSSLEY.

is a smaller branch of the Ace of Spades garage, where one may also obtain refreshment while the car is repaired. Adjoining the main Portsmouth Road at Esher, Moore Place Hotel is to be found, boasting a nine-hole golf-course in its own grounds. Moore Place was once occupied by the Duke of Orleans, and was known as Orleans House. Afterwards it was for a time the home of Lady Byron. To-day it offers every luxury to lovers of the country life. This part of Surrey is famous for its beauty. Westwards there are fine, uninterrupted views over the Thames Valley as far as Windsor Castle and the Oxfordshire hills; southwards are the pinewoods and heath of Oxshott and Cobham Park, a magnificent stretch of open country; and to the

(Continued overleaf.)

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Continued.

north, the river. Sandown race-course is within half a mile of Moore Place Hotel, and six or seven miles distant lie Kempton and Hurst Parks and Epsom. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that a great deal of riding is to be enjoyed in this part of the country. Further on, high up on the North Downs, stands



IN IDYLLIC SURROUNDINGS : A STANDARD "BIG NINE" SALOON WITH A SUNSHINE ROOF.

Newlands Corner Hotel, which rejoices in a magnificent view of downland country. The hotel is an old-world mansion, formerly the residence of the late Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the famous author, who has done so much to protect and preserve the beauties of rural Surrey. It has been modernised,

even to the extent of central heating and telephones in every room, but the atmosphere of an English "home" has been retained. Newlands Corner is an ideal "luncheon run" for the motorist, over excellent roads and through lovely scenery.

On the Route to Brighton.

One of the most interesting spots in Surrey is to be found at the little village of Chessington, near Epsom. It is Surrey's own particular little "Zoo," to which is attached a historical mansion that is now a first-class restaurant with dances. The curious name "Burnt Stub" is derived from the fact that Oliver Cromwell burned the original house "down to a stub." Some of the charred oaks can still be seen. Queen Elizabeth also stayed there and passed a special Act of Parliament allowing shooting in the grounds on a Sunday. Many years later, Fanny Burney wrote her famous novel, "Evelina," under the mulberry trees in the grounds. These grounds are now Zoological Gardens in which are some of the finest lions and tame leopards in captivity. It is a paradise for children, and special arrangements are made for children's parties. At Dorking, a few miles west of Reigate and facing Box Hill, is the newly-opened "Watermill Café." The swimming-pool is unique in that the water is given by a special process the deep azure blue of the Mediterranean. There is a tea terrace facing the lovely sweep of Box Hill, and a large ball-room. The cuisine is excellent, and there is parking space for 150 cars.

The Eastbourne Road.

East Grinstead is the main stop on the road to Eastbourne, and every motorist is familiar with the lovely picture made by "Ye Olde Felbridge Hotel," just over a mile to the north of the town. The outside is enchanting, a low red house of warm red bricks mellowed by age, with timbered beams. Inside, although there is every modern improvement, the furnishing and decoration carry out the old-world atmosphere of the exterior. A dinner-dance, with a London band, is given on the first Saturday in each month. A delightful holiday can be spent in this locality, for the hotel is surrounded by picturesque Sussex villages, and the sportsman is well catered for with golf, fishing, and tennis. Further

east, at Tunbridge Wells, the Spa Hotel is an ideal place for a long stay during summer or winter. Just now the woods and gardens surrounding the hotel are looking their best, and there is an excellent private golf-course. The curative properties of the waters of the spa have been well known for many centuries. The famous chalybeate spring has unique properties, and the dryness of the soil is a natural preventive of rheumatism and kindred ills.



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A TENNYSON BALLET.

THE last of the additions to the Camargo Society's repertory at the Savoy Theatre is a ballet entitled "The Lord of Burleigh," based on several of Tennyson's poems. There is, for example, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Katie Willows from "The Brook," "Mariana," and Edward Gray. All these and other characters make acquaintance behind the footlights in a series of ingenious dances devised by Mr. Frederick Ashton. There is hardly a thread of a story, but the costumes and scenery by Mr. George Sheringham are attractive, and the music selected from Mendelssohn by Mr. Edwin Evans has been very skilfully orchestrated by Mr. Gordon Jacob, who comes, I understand, from the Royal College of Music.

"MODERN" MUSIC.

The only other novelty this week was the ballet "Mercury," with music by Erik Satie and an "Orchestral Interlude" for theatre orchestra by a young English composer, Walter Leigh, some of whose compositions were chosen to represent England at the recent International Festival of Contemporary Music in Vienna. Mr. Walter Leigh's overture is a straightforward piece of work of no particular originality, but quite a promising composition for a young composer. Erik Satie's "Mercury" was first brought before the public by Diaghilev. There was a great vogue for Satie (who died in 1925) in Paris some years ago, but his music does not seem quite so striking as it once did. There is no doubt that he was a composer of real talent, and the music to "Mercury" shows his ingenuity and sense of the grotesque. The counterpoint is decidedly piquant, and another merit of Satie's music is its conciseness. Many contemporary composers could still learn something to their advantage from him in this respect.

THE COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERTS.

I have been asked to make it known that, in spite of the lamented death of Mrs. Courtauld, Mr. Samuel

Courtauld has arranged for the Concert Club to continue, and I have received particulars of the programme of the coming season. Dr. Malcolm Sargent will be in charge, as usual, and there will be six concerts in three series, each programme being given in triplicate, instead of twice, as was done last season. The reason for this is that the Concert Club now numbers nearly 5000 members, drawn from 141 business firms and organisations, and, since one fourth of the hall at each concert is reserved for the general public who are not members of the Club, it is necessary for each concert to be given three times, so as to accommodate every member of the Club, as the Queen's Hall only holds about two thousand people.

The first concert will take place on Oct. 10, 11, and 12. It will be something of a novelty in recent times, since it will combine orchestral and chamber music. The well-known Pro Arte Quartet will play a Haydn string quartet and a new work for quartet and orchestra by Martinn; the orchestra, under Dr. Sargent, will play Debussy's tone-poem, "La Mer," and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." This is one of the most interesting of the programmes, but another attractive feature will be the possible first performance of a new symphony nearing completion by the Finnish composer Sibelius, who is undoubtedly one of the best of living composers. English musicians are not forgotten, and in December there will be the first performance of Mr. Arnold Bax's Symphony No. 4. Mr. William Walton's large choral work, "Belshazzar's Feast," will also be given, and included in the same programme is Berlioz's symphony for orchestra and viola, "Harold in Italy."

NEW SOLOISTS.

The soloists will include the violinist Milstein, Suggia (who will play Haydn's 'cello concerto), Florence Austral, and Cortot. Although none of these can arouse the same anticipation of musical exhilaration as Artur Schnabel—whose playing has been such a conspicuous feature of these concerts as to have almost launched them into success—yet

we cannot expect to find such an artist every season, and the list of soloists is a good one notwithstanding. I regret, however, that we are to hear only two conductors, Dr. Malcolm Sargent (who will conduct five out of the six concerts) and Mr. Bruno Walter, who will conduct the last concert of the season. Cannot Mr. Samuel Courtauld introduce to the Concert Club some first-rate conductor as yet unknown to them? After all, we look to the Concert Club to find fresh artists and not merely to give us well-known names. The reason we may expect this is that, whereas other musical organisations are fearful of introducing new names because they do not draw as well as the better-known ones, the Concert Club, with its solid nucleus of five thousand members who subscribe in advance, is able to take, and indeed ought to take, risks of which others would be frightened.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC.

I understand that negotiations for fusing these two bodies and creating a new orchestra, to be put under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, have been going on for some time. It is sincerely to be hoped that something of the sort will take place, because both the L.S.O. and the Royal Philharmonic Society need a drastic reorganisation. If properly reconstructed and put under the control of an active and sensible committee or manager, there is no reason why such an orchestra should not give most successful concerts. But it is essential that the orchestra should be at least as good as the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, and that its programmes should be skilfully selected. Any attempt to cram large masses of Delius and other English composers into the audience's ears to the exclusion of foreign composers and the classics will meet with the usual failure. More originality is required in the making up of programmes also. The choice of the works of the great masters is far too limited, and some of their lesser-known compositions should be played oftener.

W. J. TURNER.

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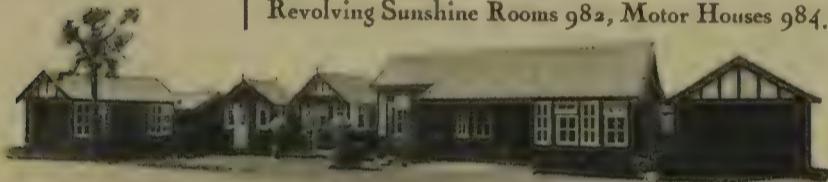
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"OLD-ENGLISH"



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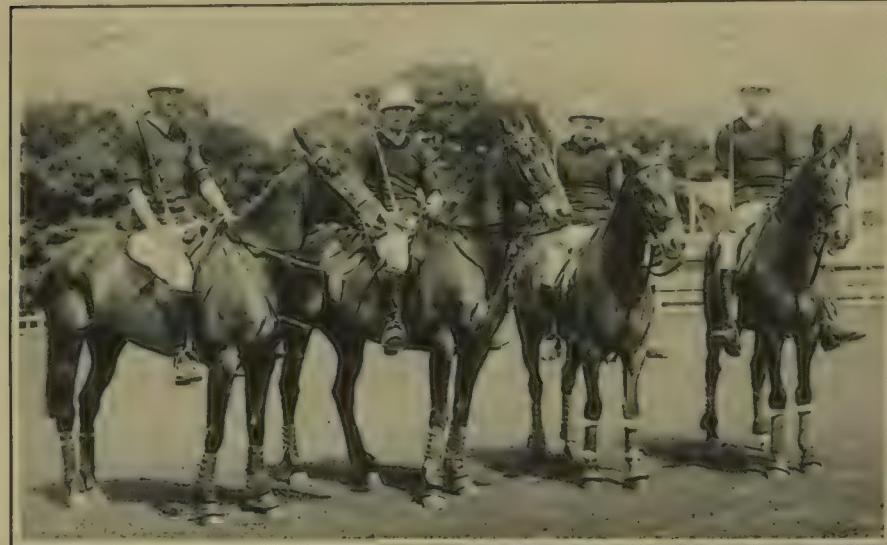
THE PLAYHOUSES.

"EVENSONG." AT THE QUEEN'S.

THE loves, hates, and jealousies of operatic stars are always interesting, and Messrs. Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols have given us a real character in Irela; a character worthy of Miss

love affair between Irela's niece and a young Press photographer is colourless, though Mr. Harry Wilcoxon does all that is possible with his part. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson is effective as the prima donna's plain-spoken impresario, but on the whole the other characters mean little. It is Irela and Miss Edith Evans's performance that will win whatever success the play achieves. No lover of fine acting will wish to miss it.

circumstances. Freddy Hall is a dunderheaded young man who, pursued by his employer's wife, pretends to be having an affair with a musical-comedy star. The lady is invited to spend a week-end in the country, and Freddy finds himself in several compromising situations, until at the end he wins her heart and hand. Mr. Melville Cooper plays this rôle with the touch of seriousness farce demands. Mr. Evan Thomas, who presents the play, contents himself with a less effective part; and Mr. Wilfrid Caithness plays a blackmailing father acceptably.



THE WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT AT HURLINGHAM : THE ROYAL ARTILLERY—CAPTAIN B. J. FOWLER (NO. 1); CAPTAIN H. C. ELTON (NO. 2); CAPTAIN H. G. MORRISON (NO. 3); AND CAPTAIN J. C. CAMPBELL (BACK—LEFT TO RIGHT).

The Royal Artillery beat the Royal Scots Greys in the final tie by eight goals to five.

Edith Evans's superb performance in the rôle of "The Queen of Song." She battens on the affection of sycophantic adorers, demanding service and yet more service, without a touch of gratitude in her composition, and ready to ruin any life to gratify a whim. It is a great part, and it is a pity that the interest has been so centred on the rôle or Irela that the play flags whenever she is not on the stage. The

"INTIMATE RELATIONS," AT THE LITTLE.

This is a pleasant enough lightweight comedy that might prove acceptable during the hot weather if the box-offices revised their tariffs in such



A CONSUL-GENERAL'S RECEPTION ABOARD A MOTOR-LINER : A NOTABLE OCCASION IN THE "SATURNIA."

In connection with the Eucharistic Congress, Commendatore Mariani, the Italian Consul-General in Dublin, held a reception in that fine 2400-ton motor-vessel, the "Saturnia," of the Cosulich Line, which had carried 1500 pilgrims from all parts of the world to Ireland. In the photograph may be seen his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Monsignor Denunciano, Major-domo to his Holiness the Pope, Commendatore Mariani, and Captain A. Cosulich, the Irish-born Captain of the "Saturnia."



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(Index C.)

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but do we know them beforehand?

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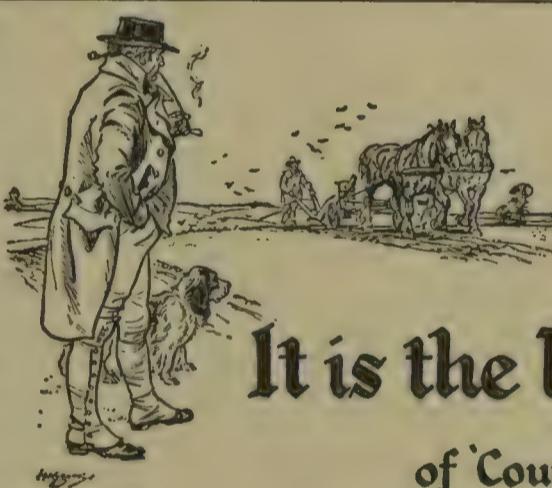
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

AS usual, the classic annual hill-climbing competition at Shelsley Walsh, near Worcester, was a complete success, due to the excellent organisation of the Midland Automobile Club, who ran the meeting on Saturday, June 25. Also, no doubt, listeners in all parts of the world heard the excellent broadcast of the afternoon's proceedings voiced by Mr. F. J. Findon at the starting-point and Major Vernon Brook at the finishing line. Yet, with all this public recognition of the importance of this motoring event, it was practically not reported, outside journals devoted to motoring, in any but local papers. Evidently news editors are not catering for motorists who take interest in the sports side of the pastime, although there were 20,000 persons present on the hillside, besides a countless multitude at the finishing-point, where the tea and luncheon marquees were erected.

Unfortunately, the star car of the meeting—the 4½ litre four-wheel-drive Bugatti—crashed during

practice on the hill on the previous day. But, nevertheless, Earl Howe certainly deserved his meritorious success in winning the £100 and the International Cup for the fastest time up this one-kilometre (1000 yards) hill for the day—namely, in 44 sec., equal to an average speed from a standing start of 50·83 miles per hour, on his 2300 c.c. Bugatti. Mr. Raymond Mays won the Cup and £25 for the fastest time for British "sports" cars on the 4½-litre Invicta, whose time for the ascent, with its tricky left and right bend, was 47½ sec., equal to 47·19 m.p.h. Mrs. T. H. Wisdom won the Ladies' Cup on her Fraser-Nash at a speed of 43·34 m.p.h. (51½ sec.), while an Austin "Seven" and an M.G. "Midget" tied for first place at the wonderful speed of 45·46 m.p.h. (49½ sec.) for Class I. racing cars.

British Cars in Good Demand. While the sale of U.S.A. cars has fallen by nearly 50 per cent., I am glad to see that our Government returns show that British cars are in good demand. In fact, I am informed that the new Alvis "Speed Twenty" continues in such strong demand

that, despite two increases on the production schedule at first laid down at the beginning of the season, thus doubling the output of the Alvis Car and Engineering Co.'s works at Coventry, the directors are now considering yet a third increase, in an effort to overtake present orders in hand. Also the Standard Motor Co. have sold the whole of this year's output already, and so announced their 1933 models with much flourish of trumpets. Thus this firm have stolen a march by shortening their 1932 year to give extra months to the 1933 output. The main idea of the new Standard cars is that you can have either a small rated four or a small rated six-cylinder car at choice, the new small six being of 12 h.p. Otherwise, the Standard cars follow the successful lines of the models which they displace. When I add that the Morris works at Cowley have sold at least 52,000 of their motors up to July, there is little doubt that the British motor industry is in an unusually happy position for this time of year. I am also informed by the Triumph Co. that up to the moment of writing their sales are 30 per cent. higher than those of last year.

New Standard Motor Co., Ltd., of Coventry.

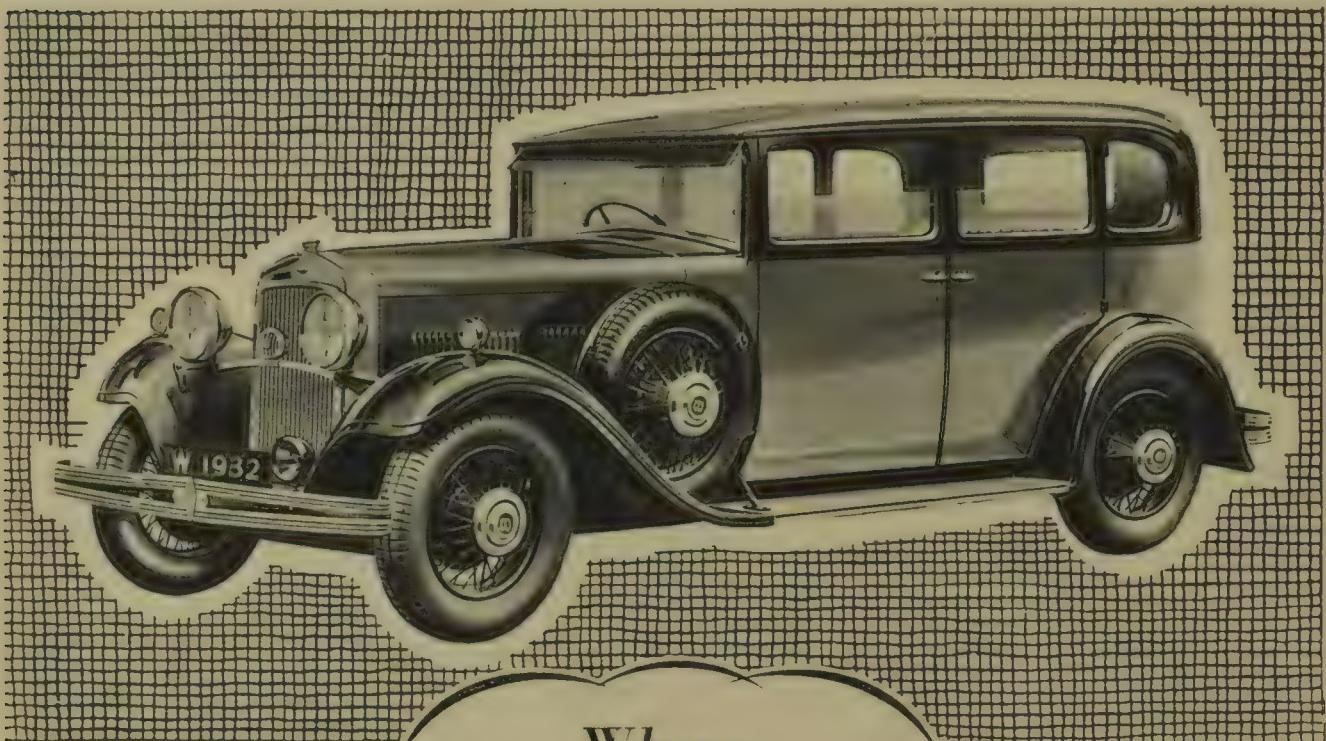
issued their programme of new models on July 1, as the first announcement of the British Motor Manufacturers' 1933 models. The statement should please everybody, as present owners of Standard cars will be grateful that prices for saloons are unaltered except that an increase of £4 has been placed on the "Little Nine" saloon for its new four-speed silent gearbox and other improvements in its equipment. For the 1932 season this firm offered a choice of four different types. To these have been added two more chassis, so six models are now available in the 1933 Standard programme. The two new cars are a Standard "Little Twelve" and a Standard "Big Twelve," both with six-cylinder engines rated respectively at 12 h.p., and 13·5 h.p. for taxation purposes. All six Standard models have an increased Vee type of radiator front which helps to smarten their outward appearance. Other alterations include longer road springs and stiffer body frames, with the headlights mounted directly to wing stays without cross bar. Grouped nipple lubrication, fitted under the bonnet, will make a great appeal to the owner-driver, especially of the feminine gender. Passengers will also approve of the greater comfort provided in the new Standard cars by the adjustable flush fitting foot-wells, which can be used either as footrests or, when closed, to form a flush floor beneath which parcels, tools, and other articles can be stored. Evidently the retail traders have formed a good opinion of the 1933 Standard cars, as orders amounting to 32,000 cars, valued at over £6,000,000, have been received by the factory. The consequence of such a rush for cars is that day- and night-shifts are now working in the Standard Motor Company's Coventry Works, producing the new cars for immediate delivery. Prices of the new models are: "Little Nine" four-cylinder saloon, tax £9, price £159; "Big Nine" four-cylinder saloon, tax £10, price £205; "Little Twelve" six-cylinder saloon, tax £12, price £189; "Big Twelve" six-cylinder, tax £14, price £215; the "Sixteen" six-cylinder saloon, tax £16, price £235; and the "Twenty" six-cylinder saloon, tax £20, price £325.

Saloon Car Popularity. Interesting facts are revealed in the Home Market

Analysis of Motor Vehicles (No. 6) recently published by the Statistical Department of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Thus for the 1930-31 motor year ending September last, 92 per cent. of the cars sold were provided with saloon or enclosed coachwork. On Sept. 30, 1931, there were 1,103,715 private cars of all types in use in Great

[Continued overleaf.]

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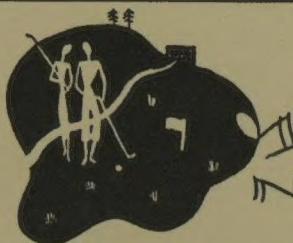
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Continued.

Britain, of which 954,474 represented the total for England, 44,218 for Wales, 84,765 for Scotland, and 20,258 for Northern Ireland. Of these the 8-h.p. car constituted approximately 17 per cent., and

Gallery Kinema, Regent Street, London, when Gee Films, Ltd., presented it to a very critical and expert audience of motoring folk. The applause which greeted the finish, after about an hour's run through, of the film, entitled "This Progress," was well deserved, as this "movie" and sound-picture consists of scenes from the early days of 1895, showing a three-wheeled cycle-car of that period, and the manner of its reception by folk in the country who lived and talked horses. Thence to 1905 and the early Austin cars shown on the road, and eventually the Austin works and manufacturing processes of present-day British motors. Usually, technical films are dull, but this Austin picture is bright and breezy from beginning to end. Mr. K. Baron Hartley, the editor of the production, has handled it in a masterly manner, the scenes showing the progress of the motor with that touch of romance which

helps to create the right atmosphere for its enthusiastic reception by the audience. The film was devised and directed by Mr. T. E. Aveling-Ginever, who specialises in the production of commercial films since the advent of the "talkies." The Austin "This Progress" is presented as the first of "The Industries of Great Britain" series, and is well worth seeing, whether the spectator is interested in motors or not.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

(Continued from Page 60.)

drawings and paintings which are miracles of technique, but to most of us not altogether pleasant companions day after day.

The reply to all this, of course, is that he expresses, as no one else can do, just what he wants to say:

but the public should sometimes be forgiven if it decides that not everything he wants to say is worth saying.

None the less, the current exhibition of his drawings at the Leicester Galleries—they range in date over the past thirty years—is something no one who has the slightest sympathy with the art of to-day can possibly miss. Many are very slight, some are very witty, a few genuinely moving, and all exhibit almost miraculous draughtsmanship.

It is scarcely possible to think of a more effective means to an end than the stark simplicity of "Telling the Tale," or "Ancienne Maîtresse du poète." Two water-colours are exquisite—one, "Sheepshanks' House, Bath," and "Moi, depuis que j'ai mon armoire à glace je suis contente"; the latter is not only beautiful as a decoration, but touching in the extreme—but then, an artist of such accomplishments can never descend to banality: he can be provocative, annoying, anything you wish, but never dull.



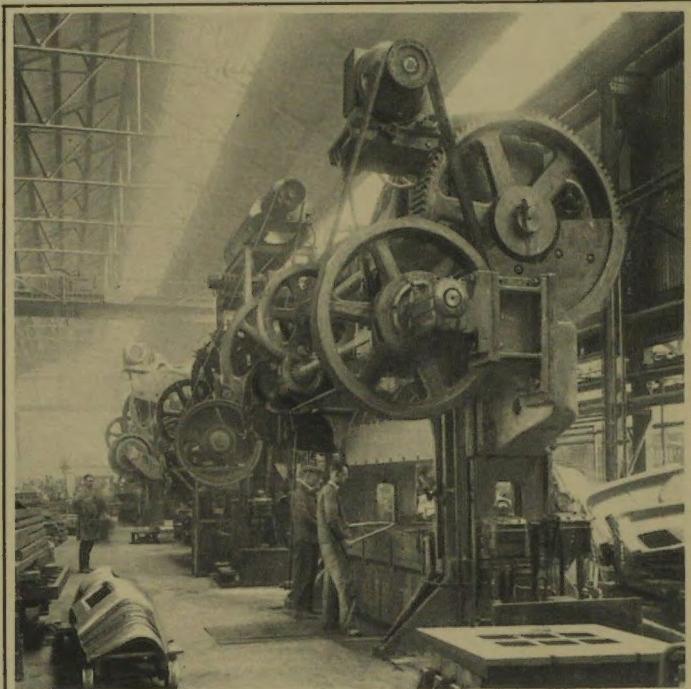
A SCENE FROM "THIS PROGRESS"—AUSTIN MOTORS' REMARKABLE PROPAGANDA FILM: EARLY DAYS—THE APPEARANCE OF AN ANTIQUATED MOTOR-CAR CREATES A SENSATION AT A HOUSE-PARTY.

those of about 12 h.p. 23 per cent. of the total. Excluding London, there were more new car registrations in Lancashire than in any other county in England, nearly 12,000 being registered there, with Yorkshire second with about 11,000 new cars registered last year. Actually, in 1931, there was one private car to 39·1 persons in England, one to 58·7 persons in Northern Ireland, giving for the entire United Kingdom a figure of 41·7 persons per private car for 1931. The Analysis comprises fifty pages of detailed statistical information well worth its cost of five shillings, post free on application to the Statistical Department, S.M.M.T., 83, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, to those who wish thoroughly to comprehend the trend of the motor-car business in Great Britain.

Austin Shows Motor Progress. Useful propaganda in the progress made in automobile construction and design is the five-reel film, now being shown in cinemas in all parts of the world, of the manufacturing processes of Austin cars. Its first public appearance took place at the New

drawings and paintings which are miracles of technique, but to most of us not altogether pleasant companions day after day.

The reply to all this, of course, is that he expresses, as no one else can do, just what he wants to say:



"THIS PROGRESS"—THE AUSTIN PROPAGANDA FILM WHICH SHOWS THE METHODS OF PRODUCTION, AS WELL AS THE CARS THEMSELVES: SOME OF THE GIANT PRESSES USED TO-DAY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THE MODERN AUSTIN CAR.

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Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter.

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a

lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test,

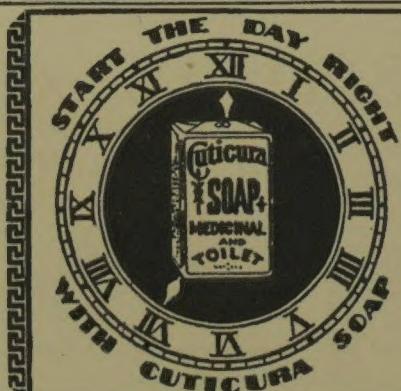
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ON A WARM AFTERNOON

You'll enjoy this

'Within the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honour and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

'So what you've got to do, young Serena,' he advised, 'is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars — when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself.'

'Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with' said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

"Little is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater, perhaps, would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from 'Milton's mulberry' in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge." . . . A delightful article "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS," by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.

This beautiful signed portrait of JANET GAYNOR GIVEN AWAY with the July Issue



No other Magazine in the World is quite like it

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal Prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

Serena soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts." . . . You must read "HOT DOG" . . . in which a dashing member of the Brigade of Guards demonstrates to Miss America that deception is sometimes the better part of valour.

"RESTLESS EXILE FOR A BOURBON DEMOCRAT" by Ferdinand Tushy
 "COTTAGE FOR TWO" by Mollie Panter Downes
 "FAR-EASTERN NIGHTS-OUT" by P. Jerome Willis
 "THE PERFECT DAY" by Francis Brett-Young
 "EVE'S FIG LEAF" by C. Patrick Thompson
 "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS" by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde
 "HOT DOG" by F. E. Verney
 "NAPOLEON THE LITTLE" by Amy St. Loe Strachey
 "FAMILY LIFE IS DIFFICULT" by Dorothy Black
 "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. Matania, R.I.
 "BIG BUSINESS" by Gordon Beckles
 "TABLE DECORATIONS OF MODERN HOSTESSES" by Audrey Wrangham
 "A PRACTICAL FLAT" by Pamela Murray

"A NEW FRONT-DOOR" by Peggy Freemantle
 "HAPPY ENDING" by Achmed Abdullah
 "OUT-OF-DOOR DAYS" by Winifred Lewis
 "A SUMMER WARDROBE FOR ALL WEATHERS" by Madge Garland
 "COATS, CAPES AND THEIR DOUBLE DUTIES" by Madge Garland
 "OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer
 "FILM THRILLS—ANCIENT AND MODERN" by Sydney Tremayne
 "USEFUL DESIGNS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR" by A. H. Adair
 "SUMMER LUNCHEONS—COLD AND HOT" by A. H. Adair
 "HOME-MADE BISCUITS FOR TENNIS TEAS" by Judith Silburn
 "MARKETING WITH METHOD" by J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc.
 "MOTORING: Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan"
 "WOMEN'S GOLF: Conducted by Eleanor E. Helme"

THE JULY ISSUE OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE



Duggie explains—

“Time Limits.”

Sir Edward : “I notice in your rules you express a willingness to amend your time limits to suit a client’s convenience.”

Duggie : “Quite true, Sir Edward.”

Sir Edward : “I frequently get a good tip sent me rather late, and in order to have a decent bet I have to divide my commission up among several agents. This necessitates the bother of writing out a lot of telegrams, etc. Can you suggest a method of overcoming this difficulty ? ”

Duggie : “Well, without being inquisitive, Sir Edward, what is your definition of a decent bet ? ”

Sir Edward : “I often wish to telegraph about £100 each way, a few moments before the time of the race.”

Duggie : “I shall be very pleased to accept your commissions for that amount if they are handed in not later than the advertised time of the race, or, when you are attending a race meeting, right up to the ‘off.’ ”

Sir Edward : “And can I have these commissions executed at either ‘Tote’ or Starting Price with ‘no limit’ ? ”

Duggie : “Certainly, Sir Edward—there is no facility offered by the ‘Tote’ which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, on credit.”

“Duggie” is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

“Stuart House,” Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

“Duggie Explains” series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.